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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—WORKING UNDER CANVAS ON THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 190.]

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DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

SOME months since we ventured to say that although the nomination of Mr. Hill for the Presidency was a preposterous suggestion, yet that Mr. Hill might prevent the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. We have not seen reason to change that opinion. Mr. Cleveland is unquestionably the only Democratic candidate who would arouse any enthusiasm, who would be most acceptable to the intelligence and best purpose of his party, and to a very large body of independent voters who are not Democrats, because Democracy practically means something else than the reforms which independent voters in general believe to be indispensable to honest government. Those voters supported Mr. Cleveland in 1884 and 1888 not as a Democrat—that is to say, they would not have supported any candidate whom the Democrats might have nominated—but both for personal reasons, and because he was a friend of tariff reform, of civil service reform, and of a sound currency. Should Mr. Cleveland be nominated again this year, independent voters, we think, would again generally support him. But it was evident during his administration that the very reasons which commended him to confidence beyond the lines of his party, produced strong hostility to him within those lines. This fact gave significance to Mr. Hill's remark, "I am a Democrat." The unuttered antistrophe of that remark was, "Cleveland is not a Democrat." Mr. Hill, who is a very skilful and untiring politician, made himself the representative and leader of that Democratic hostility. He was Governor of New York, and by far the ablest Democratic politician in the State. The State electoral vote was essential to Democratic success; he had demonstrated that he could carry New York; he wanted to be President, and a united delegation to the nominating Convention favorable to him was the prize for which he played.

The Democratic friends of Mr. Cleveland, assuming his nomination as a foregone conclusion, had no organization. They could not question the regular action of the regular organization of their party without exposing their own regularity to question, a situation full of mortal terror to a Democrat; and when Mr. Hill's ascendency was complete, some months ago, it was plain that the nomination of Mr. Cleveland would be contested in the National Convention by the New York delegation, and that the Convention would perceive that the situation in New York threatened the loss of the State if the candidate either of the Cleveland Democracy or of the Hill Democracy should be selected. With incredible blindness, from the party point of view, Mr. Cleveland and his friends united at the last election with Tammany Hall and Governor Hill to secure a result which enormously strengthened the Hill-Tammany power, and by all received party rules and customs left Mr. Hill and Tammany Hall the representatives of the regular Democratic party in New York. It is a striking fact, however, that the first consequence of Democratic success—the monstrous outrage of Hill upon free government in the theft of the Senate of the State—did not apparently distress the Cleveland wing of the Democracy. It was a tremendous blow at fundamental rights, a crime against the people, but it was an apparent party advantage, and not only was no emphatic Democratic protest made, no indignation meeting called, and no "revolt" begun against the boss whose power the election had confirmed, but he was profusely and publicly praised for his great services to the party by at least one of the leaders of the present revolt. It is remarkable that while this great offence against the public passed uncondemned, the call of a State Convention in February to elect delegates to a National Convention in June is resented as so flagrant a wrong that revolt is justifiable.

All good citizens will applaud every protest against the political offences and methods of Senator Hill; not, however, because they injure the Democratic party, but because they are public wrongs. But such citizens cannot sympathize very warmly with those who acquiesce in a crime against the public welfare when they raise a loud outcry against a short call for a party State Convention to be held long in advance of the National Convention. That call is a trick of a bold politician, but it is not a public outrage. The present intention of the revolt is to appear at the National Convention, and either contest the seats of the regularly elected delegates, or protest against them as not truly representing Democratic New York. We presume, however, that the leaders of the revolt do not expect to be admitted. They do not expect, probably, that the regular delegation will be refused admission on the ground that the State Convention was called too early—that four weeks was not long enough for a constituency like the Democracy of New York, whose mind is fully made up on the question of preference, to elect State delegates. Their real purpose, probably, is to show to the Convention that there is an imposing and influential body of Democrats in New York who are opposed to the nomination of Mr. Hill, and in favor of that of Mr. Cleveland. But this undoubted fact does not change the probability that if Mr. Hill cannot be nominated, he can prevent Mr. Cleveland's nomination. The choice of the Convention does not lie between these two candidates. If New York should appear in the Convention heartily united upon Mr. Cleveland, no doubt he would be nominated, and probably elected. But the revolt, of course, does not contemplate that result. Its purpose, if it cannot nominate Mr. Cleveland, is to prevent Hill's nomination. This it may do; but the quarrel in the Democratic party has now gone so far that the Convention would feel the risk of taking a candidate from New York to be too great. The prospect to-day is what it was some months ago, but more definite—if Hill cannot secure his own nomination, he can prevent Mr. Cleveland's.

MR. BLAINE'S WITHDRAWAL.

Mr. Blaine's letter is unmistakable. He withdraws his name absolutely from consideration as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and the most conspicuous Republican leader renounces the greatest official political prize in the country. The letter is not unexpected, for the condition of Mr. Blaine's health has been long known to be such as to make the ordeal of a candidacy for the Presidency one that he could not safely face. But to a man of his temperament and ambition, who knows that the crown is his if he would accept it, it cannot be easy to set it aside, and to take leave of a scene in which he has been so long a prominent actor. His retirement leaves the Republican party without a real leader, although there are several public men who will compete for the nomination. But President Harrison and Senator Cullom and General Alger, the three who were first mentioned when the letter appeared, are not leaders like Mr. Blaine. They are not men whose names rise spontaneously to the lips of enthusiastic followers, who make policies and modify measures, and to whom there is a feeling of personal loyalty, as there was to Jackson, to Clay, to Douglas, to Seward, and to Blaine.

The two most eminent Republican chiefs, after Mr. Blaine, are Mr. Sherman and Mr. Edmunds. But Mr. Edmunds has practically retired from public life, and Mr. Sherman will not probably strive for the nomination. The probability is that President Harrison will be renominated, because his administration, from a party point of view, has been satisfactory to his party, and there is no good reason why he should be set aside. Mr. Arthur would probably have been nominated in 1884 except for the Blaine enthusiasm. But there is no Cullom enthusiasm, no Alger enthusiasm, nor Lincoln enthusiasm, and there is no particular party objection to Mr. Harrison. It is undeniable, however, that the popular distinction of the Harrison administration is due to Mr. Blaine. The Chili incident has not helped the President, whose eagerness to send the war message was, under the circumstances which were at once disclosed, merely laughable. But it is generally felt that except for Mr. Blaine, the Chili incident might have had serious consequences.

Moreover, Mr. Blaine was the only Republican leader who foresaw the political consequences of the McKinley bill, and he was the only one of sufficient authority to impose upon the party a mitigation for those consequences in his reciprocity scheme. His influence will be felt in the campaign of this year, when reciprocity and not high tariff will be the practical Republican platform. Reciprocity and sound currency will be the "strong holt" of the Republicans, but, unluckily for them, with the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine, enthusiasm vanishes from their campaign. It would be a singular coincidence if as Mr. Blaine, the candidate of Republican enthusiasm, disappears from the field, the Democratic rupture in New York should end in the disappearance of Mr. Cleveland also, the only Democrat who excites any enthusiasm whatever. A contest of secondary men on both sides would be one of very uncertain result, but it is obvious that at the moment of Mr. Blaine's withdrawal this is the prospect.

THE LATEST CATASTROPHE.

The shocking catastrophe of the burning of the Hotel Royal is a disgrace to the city. It is shameful that such an event was possible, that the laws and their effectual enforcement do not suffice to prevent such a pitiless and wanton slaughter. It is horrible not only that such a disaster could occur, but that hundreds more just like it are possible at any moment. If this hotel was a death-trap, there are plenty of such death-traps, not especially among hotels, but factories of every kind in the city, and buildings crowded for every purpose. The one thing that chiefly discredits American civilization is its recklessness in regard to human life. What could be more deplorable in a civilized community than the late destruction by fire of a hospital for cripples and the helpless in Indianapolis, except that such tragedies occur so frequently? It was a pile of tinder, and burned like paper, and the loss of life and suffering are the reproach of that city, as this hotel tragedy is a shame of New York.

An enormous building containing a hundred and fifty persons cannot suddenly break into a raging fire at three o'clock in the morning, and scores of people perish awfully, without responsibility somewhere. That everybody knows. But does not everybody also know that nobody will be effectually punished? The destruction of life in public resorts, including hotels, became so startling that laws requiring various provisions for securing personal safety were passed by the Legislature. They detail the arrangements for this purpose that must be made in hotels. The proprietors of the Hotel Royal were bound by this law to make such provision. Either they had not done so, or the legal provision is frightfully inadequate. If they did not obey the law, they should be punished with the utmost rigor for violating it. If they did obey it, the law should be promptly amended, so as to be of some avail. Again, if the law was not obeyed, the violation should have been known to the inspectors, and promptly reported by them. If it was not so reported, the inspectors should be severely punished; while if they did report, and their superior officers neglected to enforce the law against the proprietors, those officers should be held publicly to account as conniving at the ghastly killing.

The first thing which a civilized community should require in the erection of houses which are intended to be used for hotels and theatres and halls is that they shall be practically fire-proof. If people are "willing to take the risk," the public should refuse to permit them to take it. If proper and reasonable precautions for safety increase the expense of building, rents may be increased, and the price of lodging. There need be no fear that a hotel which is known to be practically fire-proof will not be amply supported because its rates are higher than those of a death-trap. Calamities like the burning of the Hotel Royal have become so common that it is not without serious apprehension that travellers now enter their rooms in hotels. The coil of rope which is supposed to be designed to help them in a direful emergency merely reminds them of their peril, and of their probable inability in a sudden alarm to cope with it.

FUNERAL SPEECHES IN CONGRESS.

In the debate upon the rules in committee of the House, the amendment of Mr. Enloe reserving Sundays for eulogies of dead members was adopted. But in the House itself, where there is a record of votes, it was lost. Members who approved the proposition were afraid to be recorded as voting for it, probably from a belief that there is a strong public feeling in favor of such testimonies of respect for the dead, and a very strong feeling that a session of Congress on Sunday, even for such a purpose, would be a desecration of the day.

There is no doubt that the delivery of these eulogies has become perfunctory, and involves a very serious loss of time. Ex-Speaker Reed said in the debate that in the last session, which was the short one, twenty-four days were given up to hearing these speeches and adjourning. The speeches are purely formal, and lamentable enough, certainly, because they are often laughable in their extravagance. It is understood that many of them are written to order by clever young employés and other youth in Washington, and the funereal pamphlet is a book for members to distribute among their constituents.

It is certainly becoming that due notice should be taken in Congress of the death of members in the discharge of public duty. But adequate respect can be shown by their obsequies at the Capitol, and by resolutions of commemoration. It is not necessary that the public business should be seriously interrupted, to the great loss of the country, by an elaborate series of funeral discourses and adjournments. Congress may safely count upon more good sense in the country upon this subject than it apparently believes to exist.

VON MOLTKE'S FAMILY LETTERS.

The volume of Von Moltke's letters to his mother and brothers, just published by the Harpers, and following the notes upon the Franco-German War, is a delightful picture of unconscious greatness. The letters of the most renowned soldier of his time conducting the operations against Paris are as simple and affectionate as those of the young and unknown second lieutenant forty and fifty years before. The time covered by the correspondence is more than sixty years, and the simplicity, domestic tenderness, and uprightness which it reveals give to the famous General a personal charm which is unexpected.

The comments upon public affairs in France, Germany, Turkey, Schleswig-Holstein, and England are very interest-

ing, and an occasional phrase or description shows VON MOLTKE'S vivid observation and strong feeling. In speaking of the French revolution of 1830, which brought LOUIS PHILIPPE into power, he sums up LAFAYETTE as "that old chatterbox." But the tone of the book is one of singular good feeling. There is no writing for effect, but when he calls the Turks "a nation in slippers," the picturesque felicity of the phrase is as obvious as it is faithful.

The letters show, also, VON MOLTKE'S literary taste and cultivation, which, we think, are also unsuspected in a man who from his youth was a busy and devoted soldier. The little allusions and occasional quotations give the literary atmosphere which is always agreeable, and his accomplishment was such that in the midst of military occupations he undertook a translation into German of GIBBON'S *History*. The work advanced to the sixth or seventh volume, but seems not to have been completed. Nothing, however, is pleasanter in the book than the family affection of the writer, and the letters will certainly enhance the universal kind feeling with which VON MOLTKE is regarded.

TWO HUMANE DEMANDS UPON THE LEGISLATURE.

IT is to be hoped that the New York Legislature will take time enough from politics to promote certain imperative requirements of humanity in the penal and sanitary administration of the city of New York. One such requirement is a reformatory for women. Sixty per cent. of the women kept on Blackwell's Island are under twenty-five years of age. To sentence them to the island is to shut the doors of mercy upon them, and condemn them to crime and infamy. We do not treat boys so, and why should not girls be as well treated as boys? We assume and we know that young offenders are often misled, and, with a little care, may be saved to themselves and to society. Why should we abandon to destruction every girl who goes wrong without offering her a chance of reformation?

The SULZER bill, now pending in the Legislature, provides for a reformatory for women in the neighborhood of New York. Such a bill should need no argument with humane legislators. They know that it is just that wise care of young offenders, and the whole modern principle and system of thoughtful charity, which happily distinguish our time from all others. It is a system based upon experience and intelligent study, and a woman's reformatory is as much demanded by a wise regard for the community as proper and humane care of the insane.

And that care is another of the pressing duties of this Legislature. The Lunacy Commission states the deplorable condition of the pavilions for the insane at Blackwell's and Hart's islands—a condition arising from shocking overcrowding, resulting in a suffering that makes the heart ache. More room and a larger allowance for the maintenance of the patients to cheer and alleviate in some degree their mournful situation are absolutely necessary. These are both calls of a kind which a Legislature of good citizens cannot refuse to heed.

GERRYMANDERING IN OHIO.

ONE of the worst excesses of party spirit in legislation is the gerrymander, or arbitrary divisions of election districts to favor one party at the expense of the other. Legislatures are composed of partisans, and are intended to enact into law the policies of parties. But the moral authority for such enactments is that the representatives really represent the major will of the people. If they do not, if the districts which elect them are not neighboring communities, but consist of people arbitrarily united for the purpose so that artificial local majorities are created, the laws do not represent the will of the people.

This is one of the ways in which party spirit defeats the real object of party. Thus in Ohio the vote of the two parties is pretty evenly divided, with a moderate Republican preponderance. The patriotic and moral duty of the Legislature, therefore, in making a Congressional apportionment, is to take care that this proportion of voters be justly maintained in representation. The duty of apportionment is a fundamental duty wholly unconnected with a party. It is not a policy or a measure of existing parties. Its object is to provide an honest representation of the differences of view among the people.

But the State of Ohio has been gerrymandered by the Republican Senate so as to secure fifteen Republican to five Democratic districts, and one doubtful. Such an apportionment would be honest and fair only upon the ground that the Republican vote is three times as large as the Democratic. But as that is not the case, it is a gross wrong upon the people of Ohio. President HARRISON has warmly rebuked gerrymandering. Governor MCKINLEY, a fair and honorable public man, expressly warned the Legislature against the temptation, and we observe that some Republican members of the House opposed the scheme. Every honest man should oppose it, and instead of perpetually insisting that popular government is of course party government, as if that fact justified such outrages, he should understand with WASHINGTON that party spirit is the worst enemy of the republic.

UNEXPECTED COMEDY.

THERE was a curious statement cabled from London in regard to the funeral of Mr. SPURGEON, to the effect that his brother, Mr. JAMES SPURGEON, had said that representatives of all Christian sects would be admitted to the services except Unitarians. Mr. SPURGEON was a very remarkable preacher, and his popularity was great. He was a distinguished non-conformist leader, an untiring worker, an effective organizer, and a conservative Baptist. But beyond all these he was undoubtedly a good man. The exclusion of other good men who might wish to attend his funeral need not be regarded as due to any desire of his own. He would hardly care, we presume, to forbid the presence of any honest man, whether Jew or Gentile, upon such an occasion.

Mr. SPURGEON himself, therefore, is not involved in this comedy of insult. For certainly nothing could be more amusing than to proclaim the exclusion of a man like JAMES MARTINEAU from any Christian service on the ground that he was not a Christian. It would be as ludicrous as the refusal of the Catholic Church in New York to recognize Bishop POTTER as a Christian minister on the ground that he was a schismatic. It might be done, indeed, but we are speaking of comedy. So we have heard an excellent clergyman of his own Church gravely remark that Bishop BROOKS was less dangerous as a bishop than as a preacher. That remark also was in the region of comedy.

Dr. CHANNING might have been excluded from the obsequies of the Rev. Mr. MOFFIT, a popular revivalist, more than half a century ago; but had the exclusion been placed upon the ground of unchristian character, it could only have excited a smile. There was, indeed, a time, seventy years ago, when Dr. CHANNING was denounced in Christian pulpits in New York as an unbeliever. But the spirit of that time was very different from that of our time, which, at least on this side of the sea, is exceedingly different in its Christian charity and intelligence from that which directed the extraordinary announcement for the funeral of Mr. SPURGEON.

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

MR. CUMMINGS, of New York, has reported favorably from the Library Committee of the House the bill of Mr. SANFORD appropriating $18,000 for the completion and dedication of the Saratoga Monument overlooking the site of BURGOYNE'S surrender. Mr. CUMMINGS made a brief statement of facts, to the effect that in 1859 HORATIO SEYMOUR and other citizens organized the Saratoga Monument Association under a perpetual charter of the State, and began the erection of a monument. The work has been prosecuted partly by private and partly by public contributions. In 1881 Congress gave $30,000 in aid of erecting the shaft, and in 1884 it gave $40,000 specifically for statues and tablets.

The shaft is now practically finished. It is 155 feet high, on a declivity above the battle-field, and it is a noble object as seen from the river. There remains only the final work and the dedication, and for these purposes the pending bill provides. As Mr. CUMMINGS stated, the battle of Saratoga is counted among the fifteen decisive battles of the world. It is one of the most memorable and significant historic spots in the State of New York or in the country, and one of the chief scenes of interest upon the most historic of American rivers.

The national government has not unwisely lent its aid to such patriotic enterprises, selecting necessarily for its bounty those which are both of national renown and of historical importance. Of all such works none can take precedence of the monument at Saratoga, for the battle was the culmination of the Revolutionary contest, and BURGOYNE'S surrender brought France and Spain to our side. We trust that Congress will take a favorable view of the bill.

PERSONAL.

ANDREW G. CURTIN, Pennsylvania's noted war Governor, is now a man of seventy-five years, but is still in the most vigorous of mental and physical health. He is passing the evening of his life in his old home near Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, where books are his chief companions. Governor CURTIN is soon to put in writing his recollections of his busy political life of forty years, and as he is one of the last surviving of the prominent war Governors, the book ought to be one of unusual interest.

—LOUIS DIEBLER, "Monsieur de Paris," who is soon to relinquish his office because of old age, has been for forty years the chief executioner of France, and in that time he has decapitated not fewer than 200 murderers. His trade has made him detested by his acquaintances, but he has had the practical consolation of a fortune of $120,000 amassed by it, and for the rest of his life a pension will be paid him. DIEBLER is now seventy years of age.

—AIMÉE TESSANDIER, who has become Madame BERNHARDT'S successor in the Comédie Française, in Paris, is the daughter of a Bordeaux laborer, and her childhood was one of great poverty and wretchedness. She was a mature woman before she was attracted to the foot-lights, and her first appearance on the stage was an absolute failure. Her subsequent success, which finally brought her a pronounced triumph as the greatest Lady Macbeth of the day, was won against the severest obstacles.

—The man who built what is claimed to have been the first transatlantic steamer, the *Royal William*, lives in North Evanston, one of the suburbs of Chicago. He is JAMES GONDIE, a lively veteran of eighty-three years, small of stature, but vigorous and active. The *Royal William* made the trip from Picton, Nova Scotia, to Gravesend in the autumn of 1833, and was probably the first vessel propelled by steam to do so, the *Savannah*, which made the voyage fourteen years before, relying mainly on her canvas for speed, and using only in fine weather the small engine that, built on the deck, could not be relied on during storms.

—Professor FOWLER, the phrenologist, is reported to have said once that the great mental and physical vigor of GLADSTONE'S old age is due most of all to his ability to fall asleep at any time and on any occasion, in spite of the anxieties and cares of the day. It was mentioned in this column some time ago that the only occasion when the "Grand Old Man" was ever worried into sleeplessness was at the time of the excitement in England over GORDON'S fate. It is also said that during protracted sessions of the House of Commons Mr. GLADSTONE takes naps of a few minutes' duration, just as during some of the long battles of the Virginia campaigns certain Northern generals were credited with having taken short snatches of sleep while leaning against their horses or a friendly army wagon.

—It is just half a century since Major-General JOHN POPE was graduated from West Point. He has been for some years on the retired list, and lives in St. Louis, where he is prominent socially, and much esteemed as a scholar and student of military science. The present generation has probably forgotten the fact that General POPE commanded the expedition which surveyed the route of the Pacific Railway, for that was in the early fifties, nearly forty years ago.

—Rear-Admiral ANDREW BRYSON, U. S. N. (retired), died at his home in Washington on February 7th, at the age of seventy years. He was a native of New York, and when fifteen years of age was appointed as a naval cadet. He reached the rank of commander in 1862, and fought gallantly throughout the war. At the close of hostilities he

was commissioned Captain, and while cruising on the great lakes captured the Fenian raiders on their return from Canada. Nine years ago he was placed on the retired list, at his own desire. Rear-Admiral BRYSON was a man of exceptionally high character, faithful and efficient in the discharge of his duties, and in his official and private life revered and respected by all.

—The only survivor of the commanders in the late war who bore the full title of General is P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of New Orleans. He is still famous for the courtly manners that have always characterized him, and is a familiar figure to the people of the latter city, both on the streets and on the stage, where, with General EARLY'S assistance, he makes the wheels go round at the monthly drawing. There are a few Lieutenant-Generals left, but they are all on the Confederate side, and include KIRBY SMITH, BUCKNER, STEPHEN LEE, and ex-Secretary WALTHALL. Of Major-Generals there were 128 altogether in the Union armies during the entire period of the war, and of them between thirty and forty are said to survive, of whom ROSECRANS, HOWARD, SCHOFIELD, and BUTLER are best known to the present generation.

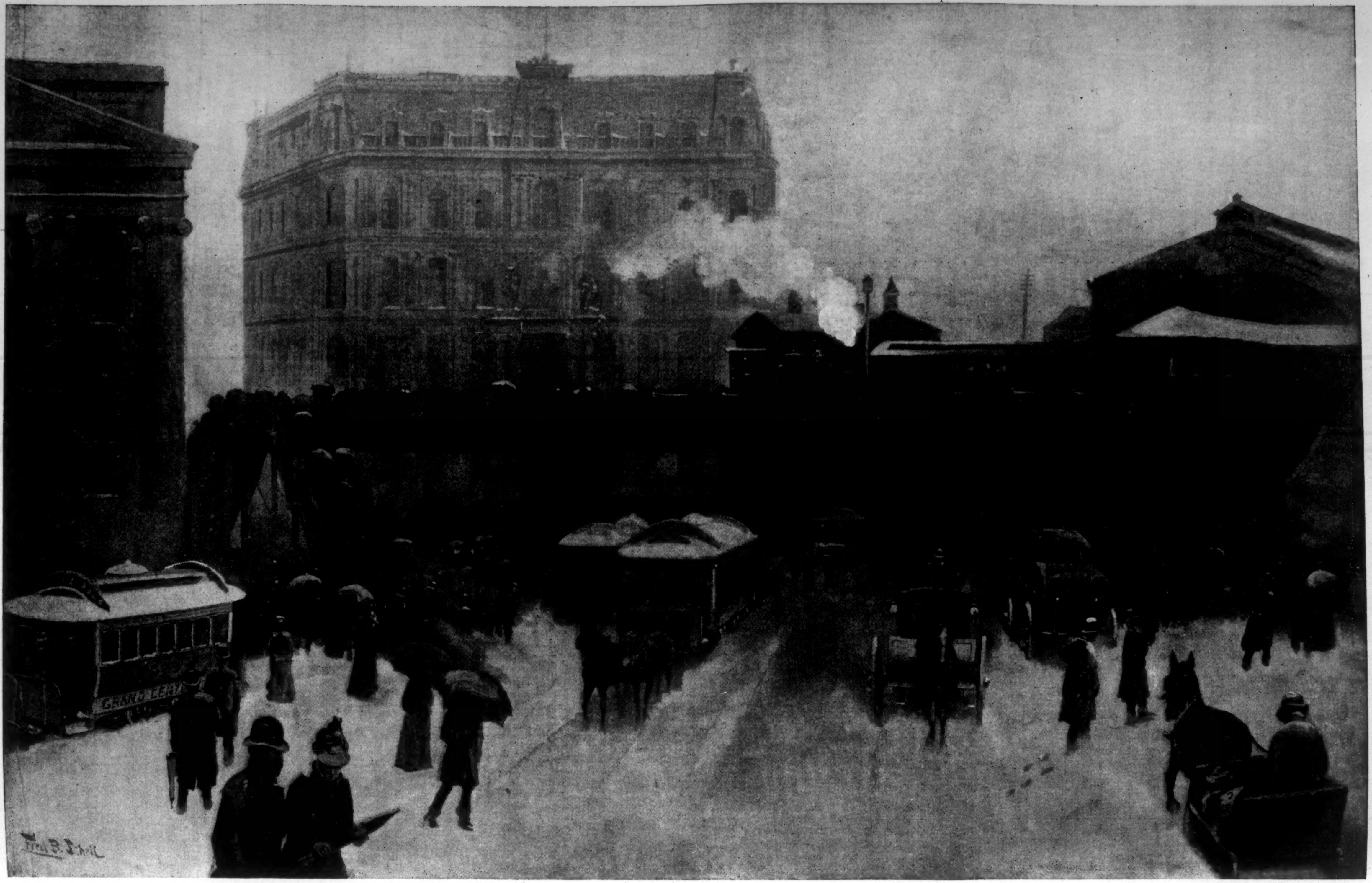
—Representative SPRINGER, who as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee becomes leader of the House, is a very tall man, with broad shoulders and a strong, wiry frame. He is one of the big men who have married little women, for Mrs. SPRINGER is as small as she is lively and energetic. She is attractive and clever, and is responsible for much of her husband's success in life.

—Senator PETTIGREW, of South Dakota, lived for many years in Sioux City, in a log cabin that was his own handiwork. This was not long ago, for the Senator is even now not much beyond forty. He was a Vermont farmer's boy, and when attracted to the West he walked much of the distance. His first investment of money was a lucky one, for he bought some of the land on which the best part of Sioux City now stands, and in this his present fortune had its source.

—Not the least important of the professors in the new Baptist university at Chicago, though perhaps the youngest, is A. ALONZO STAGG, who will be in charge of the department of physical culture and the gymnasium. Mr. STAGG has gained a twofold reputation as a crack college ball player and athlete, and is a prominent figure in the Young Men's Christian Association. He is an earnest young man of twenty-eight, interested in his work, and capable, from all accounts, of filling his chair in the university with as much credit as he filled the "points" of the Yale diamond.

—A biographer of PHILLIPS BROOKS, writing from personal acquaintance with the distinguished Massachusetts divine, says that he has always been a notably diffident man, distrustful of his ability. It is rather singular that Mrs. BEECHER, in her memoirs, makes practically the same statement about the great Brooklyn preacher. Diffidence is so rare a virtue nowadays among men of genius, with whom it used to be proverbially associated, that it is interesting to take note of exceptions such as these. This same biographer of Bishop BROOKS says that when first he took orders in the Church he appeared to be overcome by the responsibility he had assumed.

—England's favorite artist of the present day, L. ALMA-TADEMA, is a man of Dutch parentage, for he was born in Friesland, and is the son of a notary. It is a fact of additional interest that HUBERT HERKOMER, another artist of great popularity in England, was born in Germany. TADEMA is a man of ruddy complexion, who affects the style of mustache and goatee to which the third NAPOLEON gave its name. On his head, only partly hidden by the hair, is a noticeable scar, which he received in boyhood. The artist is said to be a man of remarkable industry, working on his canvas as TROLLOPE worked on his books, with unremitting toil, and frequently snatching a little extra time for his easel from his dinner hour.



THE NEW YORK END OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE ON A WINTER DAY.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 174.]

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"WHAT did he want?" whispered Elvira Judd, pushing the door open quite beyond the crack at which she had held it, as the tall figure of the man who had been talking with her brother Ambrose at the wood-pile disappeared up the shadowy lane. Elvira's voice was anxious, and her gaunt fingers worked nervously upon the door.

"He 'peared to be lookin' for a medium, though he wa'n't a believer, as near as I could find out," said Ambrose, a handsome, strongly built fellow, although with stooping shoulders and an almost feminine delicacy about his mouth and chin. "He said he was a member of some society that was investigatin' spiritualism and such onaccountable things. He said he was willin' to 'low there was strange things, and he wanted to find out what they was."

"Did you tell him 'bout 'Lizabuth?" asked his sister, in a sharp tone.

"Yes; I told him how it 'peared to me that it couldn't be anything but 'Lizabuth that come back and told me things that nobody but she and I was knowin' to." The young man's eyes were downcast, and his voice trembled. "I don't feel real free to talk about it; but he seemed so much in earnest, and he wa'n't the jeerin' kind, and he didn't say nothin' about its bein' the works of the devil, like Deacon Greer. I asked him if he s'posed 'Lizabuth could have been comin' back to me two or three times a week for goin' on two years, and I not know whether 'twas her or not? I guess she'd have said something in all them times that wa'n't like herself. And who else would have known about the gold chain that we bought and hid away for the baby that only staid a week behind her? We never said nothin' about it for fear you and mother would think 'twas extravagant foolishness. When I asked how I should know 'twas her, says she, 'Ambrose, what did you do with the baby's gold chain?' I guess I've had reason to believe it's 'Lizabuth!"

But the young man's face looked perplexed, in spite of his confident tone. It was evident that he had been vaguely chilled by the judicial manner and inquiries of Professor Andrew Barnicoat, of the Society for Psychical Research.

"I 'most wonder that you could have bore to talk about it, Ambrose," said Elvira, with a faint accent of reproach. "'Pears to me I couldn't have if 'twas me. So fur as I could hear him, he 'peared to me to be one of them kind that thinks it ain't smart to believe nothin' at all."

"He kind of drawed me out," said Ambrose, apologetically. "And I don' know as it's anything 't I'm ashamed of."

"He'll be a-wantin' you to take him up to M'lissy's," suggested Elvira.

"He's a-goin' up there now, by himself," said Ambrose. "I told him I would go with him if it wa'n't prayer-meetin' night. I ain't a-goin' to neglect my gospel privileges, and have folks say it's because I've got to be a spiritualist."

Elvira had shut the door hastily, and was nervously clasping and unclasping her hands in the privacy of the kitchen, which was fast filling with evening shadows. "It hain't never made him do that—thank God, it hain't! But, oh, my Lord! what shall I do now?" she murmured. "He'll work it all out of her in no time, for she hain't got a mite of shrewdness—not a mite. I don't darst to leave her to see him alone." She caught her hat from its nail in the back entry, and slipped out at the wood-shed door, and hurried across the field, knee-deep in the dewy grass. "I'm a-tromplin' down the grass, and it's dreadful bad for my rheumatism to get my feet so wet, but I can't think of nothin' but jest his pumpin' M'lissy," she said to herself, as she hurried along, breathing asthmatically. "If I can only jest get there before he does, mebbe I can kind of keep her from breakin' down. Oh, land! be I Elvira Judd, that used to think something of myself? But mebbe the Lord won't be hard on a woman that's been so harried, and hain't never had a chance to say her soul was her own. There was father's drinkin', and mother's setness, and Phileny's cats—six of 'em all underfoot, and you couldn't scare 'em off the spare bed without a fuss—and Nahum's wife's contr'y spells, and then Ichabod's children for me to wait upon, and how I fit and struggled to keep things a-goin'; and then, when it come real peaceful at last, with nobody but jest Ambrose and me—I ain't a-goin' to say nothin' against 'Lizabuth, though I didn't darst to open a blind 'thout she was a mind to have me, and her starched clothes was a dretful drag—when it was real cozy and comfortable at last, I don' know but what the Lord will forgive me for tryin' to hender Ambrose from marryin' Wealthy Peavey, that was bound to get him."

Elvira had come out into the road by this time, in front of a time and weather worn house standing somewhat shakily behind a row of sentinel poplars, which were as stiff as the trees in a toy village, and gave an incongruous touch of order and respectability to the weed-choked front yard. She went around to the side door, where a tall girl in a skimpy calico dress, which displayed all the angularities of her figure, was hanging towels upon a line.

"Land sakes, what a start you give me!" she cried, turning upon Elvira a delicate oval face with unexpectedly blue eyes and a conspicuous dimple. The red which sprang into her cheeks looked, in the dusk, like the flutter of a red-bird's wing. But Elvira had no eye for picturesque effects. It had never occurred to her that M'lissy Biggs was other than "kind of overgrown and gawky."

"There's a man a-comin' to look into things," she gasped. "You've got to be real careful, M'lissy. He's been a-talkin' with Ambrose."

"About—'Lizabuth?" asked the girl, with a quick frown of annoyance.

"About spirits comin' back. He'll want to have a settin', I expect, and he ain't a believer. If I was you, I'd jest send him away. I staid away from prayer-meetin' a-purpose to warn you, and I've come acrost the wet field."

"You'd ought to 'a' gone to prayer-meetin', Miss Judd," said the girl, flippantly, and she laughed.

The color mounted slowly to Elvira's sharp cheek-bones. "I hain't lost my hope, M'lissy Biggs," she said, severely.

"Well, you needn't 'a' come. I've got to earn my livin', anyhow," returned the girl.

"M'lissy, I don't want you to do nothin' deceivin'. It's reskin' your immortal soul," said Elvira, anxiously—"when there ain't no good reason for deceivin'," she added.

"It's kind of hard to find out what you do want me to do," said M'lissy. "Mebbe he is so dretful afflicted that 'tain't wicked to make believe for the sake of consolin' him. That's what you said about Ambrose," she added, ruthlessly.

Elvira attempted feebly to defend herself, but at that moment a voice was heard in colloquy with Granny Biggs. In spite of their weed-choked and evidently unused condition, Professor Barnicoat had essayed the front path and the front door. His language was not adapted to Granny Biggs's comprehension. He had spoken of occult manifestations, and Granny was heard to assure him that they "didn't need no spetikles."

"Oh, a sperichal medium! Why hadn't you said so, then?" she said, sharply, at length. "My daughter Victory went to New York, and got so't she rode in her carriage. I expect you've heard of her. M'lissy ain't near so powerful, but she's consid'able of a writin' medium. You come right in, and she'll write for you."

"You can come in if you're a mind to," said M'lissy to Elvira, who was listening with her at the side door.

"There's grandmother's gold beads, M'lissy," whispered Elvira, with pathetic eagerness. "I should 'a' fetched 'em over if I'd 'a' had time. They ain't wore hardly a mite, and they're 'most as big as gooseberries, and they're real fashionable now."

"I shall do as I'm a mind to," said the girl, sullenly. And Elvira followed her into the house, quaking.

Granny Biggs had lighted a feeble kerosene lamp, and darkness lurked in the corners of the room. The cry of a loon came dolefully across the pond at the back of the house.

"Granny likes to hear them loons. She thinks that's the way her folks comes back to her; but they make me awful lonesome," said the girl, with a little bashful laugh.

The red-bird's wing had flashed into her cheek again, and Professor Barnicoat, who, in spite of glasses and a ponderous manner, was but a young man, became aware that psychical research in North Solon was likely to offer unexpected attractions. He had, nevertheless, no idea of being beguiled from his judicial attitude of mind. He had come to North Solon for summer rest, but he had a theory that strange mental developments were oftenest found in these remote regions, especially within sound of the sea; and when his landlady had told him of the mediumistic powers of the Biggs family, he had at once determined to investigate.

"They used to have knockin's and table-tippin's up there when them was fashionable," the landlady had said, taking pains to explain that "she wa'n't no spiritualist"; "and M'lissy she set up for a writin' medium when she wa'n't more'n fifteen or sixteen. But that's got to be kind of an old

story now, and I don't know as anybody goes there but Ambrose Judd, and I calc'late that 'll turn out more courtin' than raisin' spirits; though what his sister Elviry would say I don't know, for the Biggses are dretful ignorant and shiftless, and the Judds were always smart and likely folks."

It cannot be said that Professor Barnicoat had set out for the scene of the manifestations with lively hopes of adding any facts to the records of his society; ignorance and vulgar fraud were what he expected to find; but the girl's face with its delicate beauty surprised him. He was sensible of the weird picturesqueness of the scene. Granny, as witch-like as any artist could have hoped, with a tiny bowed figure, beetling brows, and a hooked nose, transfixed him with her stare, and from a dusky corner Elvira's grim face looked out, haggard with anxiety. The lamp, set upon a shelf beside the clock, brought out vividly the girl's bright beauty, and left everything else in shadow.

M'lissy removed a family Bible and a red plush album from a small table, and took a sheet of note-paper from the Bible, which evidently did duty not only as a portfolio, but as a receptacle for such small household commodities as court-plaster, needles, and strings.

"Would you ruther I'd write with planchette, or only jest the pencil?" she asked, with a bashful droop of her eyelids. And Professor Barnicoat replied that it was immaterial to him.

"I found out that a pencil wrote jest as well without that clumsy old board, and now I don't use it unless folks wants it particerlar," she said, with a businesslike air. She sat down at the table, and held the pencil lightly poised over the paper. The professor recalled himself to his duties as an investigator, and watched her closely. "I don't b'lieve it's goin' to write a mite!" she remarked, after a moment or two of silence. "It don't act as it used to sence—sence—There! it give my arm a jerk then!"

The pencil began to write, slowly. The professor, looking over her shoulder, read aloud, in a judicial tone, each word as it was formed: "Old—Stick—in—the—mud—clear—out!—clear—out!"

"Oh, I wouldn't have had it write that if I could help it!" cried the girl, in genuine dismay. "It's what our old parrot used to say, and ever sence the dog killed him it's kept writing that. He was a dretful creature, that parrot—the way he'd swear! Gran always thought he was old Pliny Tozier, over at the grist-mill, though he's been dead five years, and the parrot wa'n't but two, and come from Africa, so I don't see how he could have been."

"Don't tell me!" said Granny, with a grim chuckle. "I guess I know old Pliny Tozier, 'n' there wa'n't never no two creturs in this livin' world so cantankerous as him 'n' that parrot!"

The girl was watching the young man narrowly; she was quick enough to read the quality of the smile which slightly curved his mustache. "You think I wrote it myself, but I never!" she flashed out.

"I certainly don't think you did—at least not consciously," he answered. "But you've heard of cerebral automatism as a theory to explain these things—that is, that the brain does them unconsciously?"

The girl looked at him in a bewildered way, and shook her head; her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"Nobody needn't tell me that folks can write out writin' and not know it!" Granny snapped out.

"It don't act to me noways as it used to," said M'lissy, regretfully. "It always would kind of contradict itself sometimes, and write things that wa'n't true, nor a mite likely; but now it won't write nothin' but nonsense, and I don't darst to write for folks, it's so sarcy! I don't know whether it's all that parrot—what business has parrots comin' back, anyhow?—or else it's because—" She stole a glance at Elvira, silent and rigid in her corner, and over Elvira's face came a pitifully appealing look. "You needn't look at me like that, Elviry Judd! I *be* goin' to tell. For it's jest that that's took away my power, 'n' I know it well enough. 'N' once there was folks come clear from the Spiritual Conference to have me write for 'em, 'n' they'd said I'd ride in my carriage, like Aunt Victory, 'n' now I can't do nothin', jest because I made believe! *She* got me to do it"—indicating Elvira by a fierce gesture. "Her brother Ambrose wanted his wife 'Lizabuth to come back, 'n' she wouldn't nohow, 'n' she said I'd ought to make believe 'twas her, so's to console him; she said it wa'n't a mite of harm, 'cause he felt so bad. 'N' I done it jest because he felt so bad—though she did give me consid'able many things—'n' come to find out, she jest wanted to keep him from marryin' Wealthy Peavey!"

A hoarse, half-articulate murmur arose from Elvira's throat, which might have been denial or only a plea for mercy. But her ruthless young tormentor went on:

"Tain't a mite of use for you to deny it, for you let it right out to me yourself that that was the reason! 'N' 'twas dretful hard work to make up so; 'n' I couldn't never have done it if she hadn't told me jest how 'Lizabuth talked, 'n' about the baby's gold chain that she found hid away in a drawer; 'n' I'm a-goin' to tell Ambrose all about it, 'n' everybody, for I never made up the least mite before, not even for fun 'mongst the girls! 'N' she's a professor, 'n' she'll be dealt with to church meetin', 'n' I don't care!"

"You hadn't ought to talk so, M'lissy. She's give you a sight of things," said Granny Biggs, reprovingly.

"I didn't care for her old things," said the girl, sullenly. "Anyhow, they wouldn't pay for deceivin' Ambrose; 'n' now I ain't any medium, 'n' how be I goin' to get my livin'?"

Elvira had arisen and moved towards the door; she seemed to be struggling with something which choked her utterance. "If—if you wouldn't say nothin' to Ambrose, seems as if I could bear all the rest," she said at last.

"You don't think of nothin' but what you've got to bear!" cried the girl, in an injured tone. "I ain't a-goin' on deceivin' Ambrose."

"'Tain't what I'd have expected of you, Miss Judd, to come here a-corruptin' young folks," said Granny Biggs, severely.

"I never thought 'twas corruptin'," murmured Elvira, painfully. "I never seemed to think it made much dif'runce whether spiritual mediums made believe or not. I didn't expect none of it was true. I don' know but what 'twill kill Ambrose; we're folks that's got strong feelin's, we Juddses."

"I should think you'd talk about feelin's, when you've spoiled poor folks's only chance of gettin' a livin'!" cried the girl, hotly.

But Elvira was gone, forcing her trembling old limbs to carry her swiftly beyond the reach of that girl's voice. There were footsteps behind her, and a voice called her name softly:

"It's me, Miss Judd—Loizy Pingree. I ain't one that ever means to listen, but I happened over to borrow some of Granny's milk-empt'in's, 'n', I declare, I was so stunded I couldn't get out of that back room! Jest to hear that girl run on! 'N' if it wa'n't too redickerlous to hear her blamin' you 'cause she'd made believe as if there was anything else to them spiritualist doin's."

"I hadn't ought to have done it," said Elvira, dully, leaning against the fence rail for support; "but it seemed as if I'd got to a-breathin'-space—"

"I know you've had a real hard time a-slavin' for 'em all," said the other woman, sympathetically.

"'N' knowin' what a dance Wealthy Peavey would lead him," murmured Elvira.

"She is kind of a flauntin' piece; but still, though mebbe I hadn't ought to say it, I should 'a' thought you'd ruther he'd have Wealthy than some other folks, Miss Judd."

"There wa'n't nobody else that he was a mite likely to marry," said Elvira, wishing that Loizy Pingree would go her way, and leave her alone.

"La, now, Miss Judd! 'n' I used to think you was real fur-sighted! I guess you're the only one that don't see what raisin' 'Lizabuth's spirit is a-goin' to lead to!"

Her meaning was revealed to Elvira as in a sudden flash of light.

"I should 'most think you was crazy, Mis' Pingree," she said, with dignity. "Why, M'lissy Biggs ain't eighteen! She hain't wore her dresses long more'n a year, 'n' Ambrose is a man goin' on thirty-six!"

"He won't find no fault with her age," said Mrs. Pingree, with a touch of grim scorn.

"'N'—'n' them Biggses! I 'most wonder folks should say such things," said Elvira, proudly.

"Well, I'm sure I hope 'tain't so, Miss Judd," said Mrs. Pingree, as she went on her way.

But Elvira knew that it was. "Oh, Lord, what have I done?" she said to herself, over and over, as she dragged herself homeward.

There was no doubt now that all Solon would know what she had done, whether M'lissy told or not, for Loizy Pingree was a gossip. But it was of Ambrose that Elvira thought chiefly.

"She's shif'less and wasteful—it's bred in the bone," she said to herself, bitterly; "and she'll bring him to a morsel of bread."

She crept up to bed before Ambrose came home from prayer-meeting. She felt an impulse to talk to him, to warn him, but she had not the courage. She worked about the house the next day with an energy that astonished Ambrose.

"She ain't a-goin' to have it to say that she found anything that looked shif'less here," she said to herself. "I'll leave things in order when I go up to Nahum's. She's about the hardest to get along with that ever I had. Nahum's wife is, but I couldn't never live with M'lissy after what's been and gone."

Ambrose went up to the Biggs place that night, and Elvira sat up for him. She sat bolt-upright by the window, watching, too numb with misery even to knit. She had packed some of her things that day. She had lived in that house all her life, and she was "budgetty," as her brothers' wives said, and it had been heart-breaking work; but Ambrose might be so angry that she could not endure his reproaches, and M'lissy might be coming there to live sooner than any one knew.

Ambrose came home gloomy and silent. He would have gone off to his room without a word to her, but Elvira could not endure it, and laid a detaining hand on his arm at the foot of the stairs.

"I thought I was doin' for the best, Ambrose," she said, brokenly.

"I don' know what you done. I can't make it out," declared Ambrose, and went on.

He would not talk to her about the matter at all. Ambrose was always "close-mouthed," but he still went to the Biggs place with undeviating regularity.

She heard rumors that she was to be "dealt with" by the church.

"They can't do nothin' to me that's so bad as what I've got a'ready," she said to the friends who confided these rumors to her. She never went to church now, nor to prayer-meeting, although in the latter she had been foremost among those who "gave in their testimony." She had grown haggard and old, and her neighbors began to say that she was "the kind that broke down all to once."

Professor Barnicoat lingered in North Solon, and he too went often to the Biggs place. He carried a blank book, in which he had been seen to take copious notes, and it was reported that he had found M'lissy Biggs a remarkable medium, and was about to write a book on spiritualism.

Elvira took a tin pail and went into the blackberry pasture near the Biggs's house one day in late August. M'lissy came and leaned over the bars a few feet from her.

"I ain't a-bearin' you no malice now, Miss Judd," she called, cheerfully. "I'm a medium just the same as ever, though it writes an awful lot of nonsense; and he"—with a comprehensive nod towards the hotel where Professor Barnicoat had taken up his abode—"he don't believe it's spirits. I don't care whether 'tis or not, s' long as I hain't got to get my livin' by it."

Elvira essayed a commonplace remark; she must speak to this girl, who was to be Ambrose's wife.

But M'lissy had darted off, a pink sash aflutter behind her.

"I'd ought to have told her that I'm a-goin' to live with Nahum's folks," she said to herself.

Mrs. Pingree ran to the door as she passed her house on her homeward way.

"I don't know how you could bring yourself to speak to M'lissy Biggs," she exclaimed, sympathetically. "If ever a little minx had her head turned! What's educatin' goin' to do to her? *He's* a-goin' to send her to boardin'-school." It was evident that Mrs. Pingree's nod was directed towards Professor Barnicoat. "They do say he's a-goin' to marry her when he gets her finished up. I told you she was one of the kind to set men all by the ears, 'n' I guess Ambrose had a pretty narrow escape."

Elvira walked home on air, totally oblivious of her old rheumatic limbs.

"I'll put my things back where they b'long this very night," she said to herself, with a long breath of relief. "I'm dretful glad I didn't write to Nahum. *She'll* never have that to fling in my face."

Ambrose was at the kitchen sink. Elvira was too happy to restrain herself.

"I'm a pesky old fool, Ambrose!" she said. "I've been a-worryin' all summer for fear you was a-goin' to marry M'lissy Biggs."

Ambrose wiped his face on the roller towel. A fiery flush arose to his brow. "She wouldn't have me," he said, in a voice that sounded strained and unnatural. "It seemed as if I couldn't bear it about 'Lizabuth at first. I couldn't seem to sense it. I never thought, till I heard folks said so, that I'd been goin' right along to that all the time. That other fellow is rich, you know," he added, bitterly.

"Ambrose, you—you don't care?" faltered Elvira.

He threw himself down by the kitchen table, rested his head upon his folded arms, and groaned.

Elvira's sympathetic groan was the more despairing. "This is the worst of my punishment," she said.

But Elvira was fifty-five, and knew that people get over things.

"He'd better be disappointed now than after he'd got her," she said to herself, trying to find a little comfort as she restored to their familiar places the budgets that now would never go to Nahum's.

THE EVENING RUSH FOR HOME.

THE whirligig of daily labor in New York is endless; night and day claim their quota of laborers through all the hours. There is no cessation to the round, but the large majority of people are no doubt thankful that their hours of labor end, practically, with the daylight. The rush for home begins at about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the banks and exchanges are closed. At first the stream is small and hardly noticed in the passing crowds, but as the hours creep on, the bands of workers radiate from all business centres, directed toward the ferries and the up-town trains. Each minute adds to the host of the homeward bound, the pace is quickened, and the vehicles of transportation, the ferries, and the great Bridge are taxed to their utmost, even to overflowing. The procession seems endless; it gains its height between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and does not begin to diminish until nearly seven. Thousands crowd the ferries to Staten Island; tens of thousands seek the ferries of the New Jersey railroads; tens of thousands pour up town by street cars and the elevated roads; and the tide turned in the direction of Brooklyn seems incalculable.

The busiest corner in New York during business hours is Fulton Street and Broadway. The busiest depot when the human tide turns homeward is the New York terminus of the great East River Bridge and the City Hall Station of the elevated railroad. This point is illustrated in the page drawing given herewith. The rush is nearly at its height; the winter day is bleak; the snow is falling, and makes walking unpleasant; the army of workers beat the soft snow into a dull brown glutinous substance that New-Yorkers dignify by the name of mud. The foot-path of the bridge is unpleasant, for if there is a wind from any quarter it will blow its fiercest in the centre of the span, just above the ugly river that is foaming and tumbling at the point beneath. The general inclination and desire is to ride, but the demand far exceeds the supply of adequate transportation. Then do all hearts sigh for the rapid transit that for years has been a dream of New York—and nothing more than a dream—almost too Utopian, some are prone to think, to be realized. The steps that lead to the cable-cars of the Bridge and the Third and Second Avenue lines of the elevated road run upwards from both sides of Park Row; but the steps on the east side of City Hall that are shown in the picture are wider and more conducive to personal comfort. And so for hours the tens of thousands toil slowly up these steps, and make wild rushes for the trains that leave at short intervals on their way to the haven of rest—Home.

A TRADE EMBASSY.

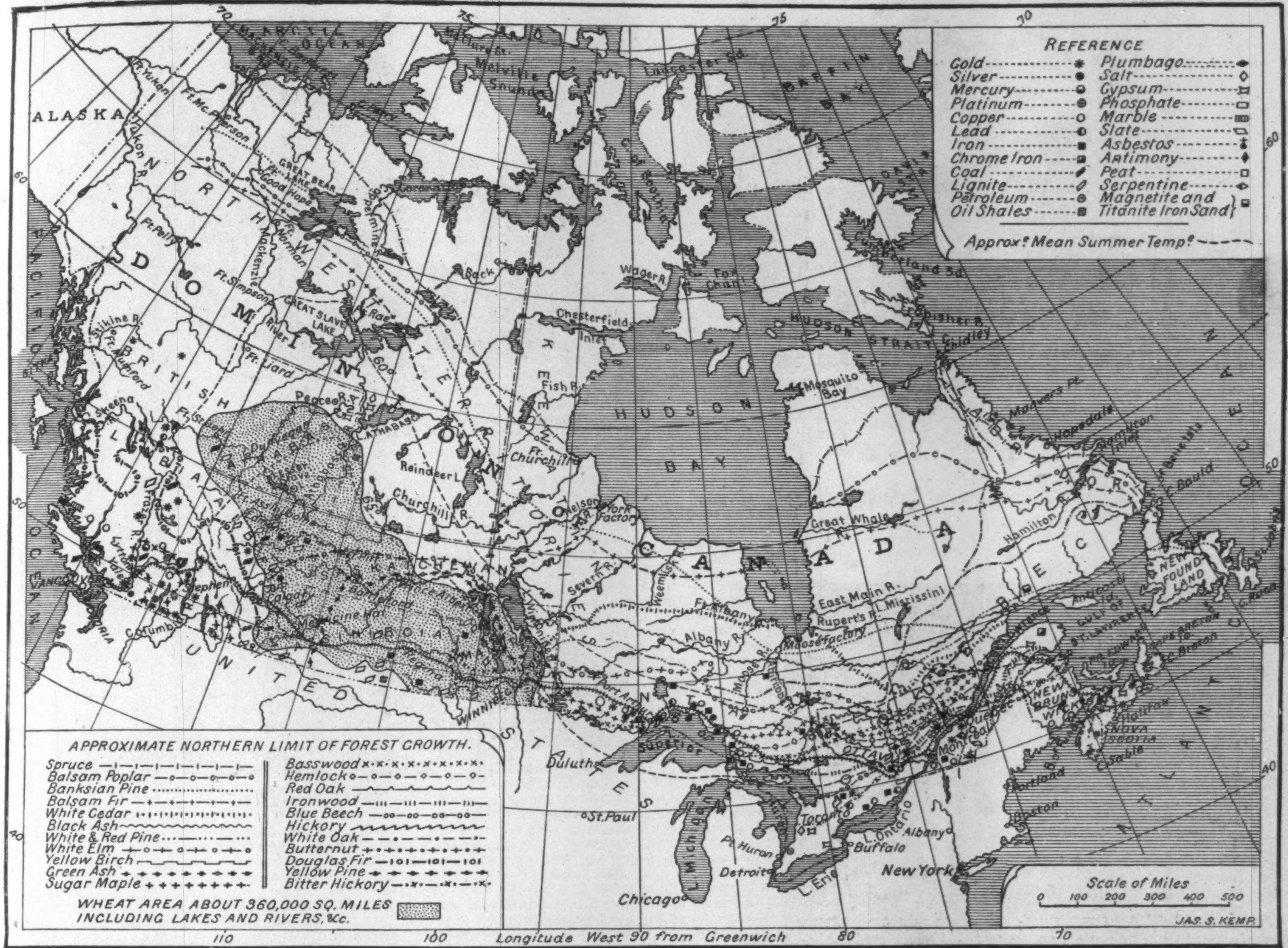
BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

AN embassy for the expansion of the trade of the United States is just now in Washington. It is from a region of enormous area, and of possibilities in resource and development of unequalled proportions. This embassy is composed of three members of the government which empowers it to treat, and who are the representatives of a great party which for many years has controlled the destinies of the country concerned. The importance of the mission is more in what it indicates than what it is likely to effect. The movement indicated by the mission is that the people of the United States, occupying the southern half of the continent, should trade freely with the people of the Dominion of Canada, occupying the greater half of the continent on the north. But it is likely, from the peculiarity of the position of the embassy and the party which it represents, that such restrictions will intervene as will render the negotiation unfruitful. Nevertheless, it is a forward step towards a better relation between the English-speaking people on this continent that so persistent an attempt is made by the Canadian government towards Reciprocity. The consequences that might follow a perfect freedom of trade between the two countries, such as now exists between the States of the Union, would be more far-reaching than those which would flow from almost any other event possible to this country. Yet, owing to various causes, no such result is likely to follow at present.

The three gentlemen included in this group of Canadian statesmen are very distinguished men in their own country. Sir John Thompson, the Minister of Justice, is a lawyer of great prominence, strong in his profession, and possessing much above the average ability. He is the representative of the Maritime Provinces in the government, and but for the fact of his having been once a Methodist and then a Roman Catholic, would unquestionably be the Premier. He occupies a place, however, so close to the head of the government that his influence and power are almost unlimited, so far as shaping the policy of the country is concerned. Mr. George E. Foster, the Minister of Finance, has developed a remarkable ability in this department, without previous experience or special training. It shows his adaptability to conditions that surround him that in his department he most creditably represents his party. Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, the third representative, has been a most industrious and faithful public officer, and as Minister of Customs has made a very distinguished character for his department. He has now been elevated to the position of Minister of Railways, in which, no doubt, he will equally distinguish himself.

So far as the Conservative party is concerned, it would be difficult to select three men more representative in character, broader in their party views, or more competent to treat, than these three gentlemen. Behind them is the Premier, the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, who, of course, directs and instructs them. His position in Canada is most peculiar. Selected for his high position because of his moderate views and long experience, he has had, as successor to Sir John A. Macdonald, a most difficult task to perform; but it is fair to say that up to this time his management both of Parliament and of the party generally has resulted certainly in no loss, if not in some considerable gain, in public estimation. Should this attempt at obtaining a reciprocal advantage be successful, and his representatives in Washington achieve some tangible result, the power of his party would be indefinitely prolonged.

But it is almost incredible that anything really tangible will come from these negotiations. These gentlemen represent two elements which are opposed to a free and unrestricted trade with the United States. The first of these, and to which they owe their power, is the manufacturers' party of the Dominion. What is known as the "national policy" is one of high protection, and



having been inaugurated in 1879, has continued to dominate the politics of the country to an extent that makes it almost impossible that the Conservative government can do much else than continue in the line of shutting out the manufactures of other countries. The contributions by the manufacturers in support of the government, and the votes of their employés, have been the main elements of strength for the Conservative party of late years. It is true that, owing to the small markets and the limited demand, this class has not rapidly increased; and it is somewhat singular that a country so purely agricultural, and abounding only in natural resources, should be dominated by a party which seeks to get rich by taxation. But, nevertheless, this condition is the prevalent force which in Canada just now holds sway. It is impossible, therefore, to believe that the manufacturers of the United States can have any liberality of treatment from the party now in power. The representatives now in Washington come for the purpose of treating only for an exchange of natural products, and not for the purpose of admitting the manufactured goods of this country into a new market. A proposition based on this narrow view can hardly be entertained; for if there is any one thing that the United States requires just now more than any other, it is an enlarged area for the absorption of its manufactured goods. The policy of protection has stimulated production to such an extent that in almost every line of business an excess of manufactures prevails. To expect a protectionist government like the United States to admit free products which it itself produces to an extent that enables it to be a large exporter, and be denied the right of admission for its manufactured goods, is so unreasonable as to make it a matter of surprise that the Canadian government should deem it at all possible that it should be entertained.

Another serious impediment to success in the present negotiations is the determined attitude of the Tory party to resist any discrimination against English manufactures. If the free admission of American goods was granted by Canada, a duty would still be maintained against British wares, in common with those of other countries. This would be necessary in order to provide a revenue for the government of the country. It is very repugnant to the loyalists included within the Tory ranks that one part of the British Empire should discriminate against another part, while admitting the manufactures of a commercial rival free. Of course they do not take into account the fact that they already, by protection, practically shut out British goods, and discriminate in favor of wares produced by themselves; and it seems only carrying the freedom which they have thus attained to its legitimate end to admit American manufactures free, provided they can thereby secure a market within the United States not only for their natural products, but for all articles, whether manufactured or raw material.

These two impediments to the complete breaking down of the barrier which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a border line unparalleled—surround the existing negotiations with great embarrassment. This embarrassment would, however, disappear entirely if the negotiators represented the other political party now contending for power in the Dominion. That party, known as Liberal, has adopted in its platform a plank calling for Unrestricted Reciprocity between the United States and Canada. This would mean that the same relation would exist, so far as trade is concerned, between the northern and southern portions of the continent as now exists between the States of the Union or the provinces of the Dominion. The Liberal party, headed by the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, succeeded at the last election in cutting the Tory majority in two, which, with the revelations as to corrupt practices, has diminished the hold of its opponents materially. The recent by-elections have not altered the situation much, and the Conservative party is carrying forward its operations with a very much reduced Parliamentary majority. It is believed by those who understand the situation that another election, which is due in four years, and which at any time may occur, would result in the return of a majority favorable to the utmost freedom between the two countries. The pressure of the McKinley bill, especially severe in its agricultural schedules, is very great in Canada, and it would seem to be only a question of time when a desire so ardent to have the tariff line between the two countries lifted up and obliterated would have an expression which would be simply irresistible in Parliament and elsewhere. This certainly would be the case if the present United States Congress could be prevailed upon to give some expression to the views which are now supposed to animate it towards a greater freedom of trade, and especially towards a desire for a Reciprocal which elsewhere prevails. It has been suggested that the passage of a resolution to this effect would have a good influence, and the Ways and Means Committee are understood now to have it under advisement. The resolution, it has been suggested, might be in the following terms:

Resolved, That whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the government of the Dominion of Canada has declared a desire to enter into such commercial arrangements with the United States as will result in the complete or partial removal of all duties upon trade between Canada and the United States, he shall appoint three commissioners to meet those who may be designated to represent the government of Canada, to consider the best method of extending the trade relations between Canada and the United States, and to ascertain on what terms greater freedom of intercourse between the two countries can best be secured, and said commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress.

When this resolution is passed, and its requirements met by a Canadian Parliament representing the wishes of the Canadian people, an enduring basis will be laid for a relation between the two countries of a most intimate and beneficial character.

Even though the present negotiations should fail, they are sure to be resumed when the Liberal party comes into power, as in time it must, or else all signs fail. The results of opening up the northern part of the continent to the enterprise and trade of the United States would be very far-reaching. If, without the drawing of a sword, the shedding of a drop of blood, or the expenditure of a single dollar, the area of the trade of the country could be doubled, it would be impossible to conceive of a greater achievement. The extent and character of these northern regions, their value in natural resource, and the profit realizable from their development, can only be measured by what has occurred south of the line of demarcation. It is impossible within narrow space to set forth the extent of the advantages possible to be realized. Perhaps, however, these can be best illustrated by a consideration of the agricultural possibilities which north of the border line, from Lake Superior to the Pacific, exist for the benefit of mankind. These agricultural regions, it would seem, were adapted to absorb the enormous immigration which is now pouring into this country, and which might become ready-made customers for American manufactures. Beyond this absorption of food, the possibility of transporting, manufacturing, and handling the agricultural output of these regions would be highly beneficial. In order that some conception may be formed of the extent and character of these regions, as in a certain sense illustrating the magnitude of the resources which Canada possesses, the accompanying map has been prepared. In explanation of it, there is herewith submitted a synopsis of an article recently written by Mr. James W. Taylor, American consul at Winnipeg, whose knowledge of the great Northwest has been for many years a national possession, and who, more than any other man, realizes the great advantages to the future of the United States of free access to this wonderful country. The following are some of the facts presented by Mr. Taylor:

The area of the wheat and grain-producing district of central Canada, bounded by Lake Superior, Hudson Bay, the Rocky Mountains, and north by latitudes 50° to 60°, of uniform productiveness.

Tracing on the map the area enclosed between longitudes 100° and 107° west, and latitudes 50° to 70°, embracing the Canadian provinces of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Kewatin, Mackenzie, Athabasca, Alberta, British Columbia, the American territory, and the future State of Alaska, and comparing it with a similar area in Europe, this European parallelogram would include England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, and most of Germany and Russia in Europe. The productiveness of the American area would surpass that of the European one.

In the article attention is mainly directed to the excellence of the soil, and arguments are advanced in order to dissipate the generally current idea that for the successful production of the cereals a warm climate is a necessity.

The northern limit of rye is 65°, of barley 67°, and oats thrive further north. Wheat is cultivated in Norway up to latitude 64°; in Sweden up to latitude 62°, and in the environs of St. Petersburg, Russia, up to 60° 13′.

It is well known that the growth of the cerealia and of many important vegetables depends chiefly on the intensity and duration of the summer heat, and is but little influenced by the severity of the winter. In northern climates in Europe, Asia, and America the summer heat is as remarkable as is the winter cold.

Lake Huron has the same mean summer as Bordeaux, and at Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan, the average summer heat exceeds that of Paris or Brussels.

Mr. Taylor directs special attention to the valleys of the Athabasca and Peace rivers, lying between latitudes 54° and 60° and longitude 110° and 120°, and a block of territory on the head waters of the Liard River from latitude 54° and 60° to longitude 120° and 125°, and he declares these to be admirably adapted to the raising of grain.

The southern section of this area having been recently explored by Professor G. M. Dawson, of the Canadian Geological Survey, is estimated to contain an area of 31,500 square miles, and is declared to be "fertile for the larger part," with an elevation of 2000 feet. Professor Dawson says that the summer is long and warm enough for the perfect maturing of wheat and oats and barley, and for all ordinary root crops and vegetables.

Archbishop Tache declares that the valley watered by the Peace River is well adapted for raising grain, and that it cannot help being peopled. Experiments made during the last few years with various kinds of grain show remarkable results.

The reasons why this section of country is fitted for agriculture, Mr. Taylor deduces from the following:

1. Its reduced altitude. The fertile areas begin at elevations 2000 feet above the sea, and find at the Mackenzie River an elevation of only 300 feet. This difference of altitude is considered equivalent to 13° of latitude in a climatic sense.

2. Action of the Pacific winds. The country has its climate tempered by the Chinook or west wind of the Pacific.

3. The summer moisture. Rainfalls in summer are frequent without ever being in excess.

4. Solar heat. The long duration of the days in summer gives vigorous growth to cereals and vegetables.

5. Maximum of fructification. By this is meant that the effects of climate on grain in the sections of country under consideration are special. The growth of stalk and leaf is lessened to the advantage of the seed or fruit. In tropical zones the cereals produce light seeds. Rice is tropical, but the best is grown in South Carolina. Indian corn dwindles in a country situated too far south. Wheat is a better and heavier crop in northern New York than in southern Italy. Oats will grow everywhere, but only of good and heavy grades in Northern countries.

The conclusion arrived at is that there are in these sections of North America fully 200,000,000 of acres well adapted to wheat culture.

The best idea of the magnitude of this section is presented as follows: If a line were drawn from Chicago to forts Vermilion and Dunnegan, in the Peace Valley region, where wheat and other cereals have been successfully grown, and it were made a radius, the circle described would enclose the Bermuda Islands on the east, and the Gulf of Mexico and San Francisco on the west.

CHANCELLOR WYTHE'S RESIDENCE, WILLIAMSBURG—WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

POWDER MAGAZINE (1716).

MARY CARY, WASHINGTON'S FIRST LOVE.
FROM A PAINTING.

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

COURT-HOUSE, PLANNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

THE AMBLER HOMESTEAD.

RUINED TOWER AT JAMESTOWN.

GLIMPSES OF WASHINGTON'S EARLY LIFE.—DRAWINGS BY HARRY C. EDWARDS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 177.]

WHERE GHOSTS WALK.

BY MARION HARLAND.

IN the by-gone time in which the tide of Southern travel flowed up the Potomac River, the custom prevailed of tolling the bell as each steamer passed Mount Vernon. At the sound the passengers gathered upon the forward deck to gaze with bared heads upon the enclosure in which are the ashes of Washington. Sadder and not less reverent might be the toll with which river craft should announce the approach to the ruined tower upon a low headland of the James.

Here, on May 13, 1607, was set the first rootlet of English dominion in the vast Virginia plantation that was to outlive pestilence and famine and savage violence. The bounds of what an old writer calls a "mighty empire" are thus defined:

"On the east side is the ocean; on the south lieth Florida; on the north, Nova Francia" (Canada); "as for the west, the limits thereof are unknown."

De la War found upon the marshy peninsula, in 1610, a church twenty-four feet broad by sixty long. The site was the same as that occupied by "the old rotten tent" under which the first Protestant service in America was held. During his administration the sanctuary was decorated on Sunday with flowers and evergreens, and opened for daily afternoon service during the week. There were a baptismal font, a tall pulpit, a chancel of red cedar, and in the tower two bells. These rang a joyous peal in the April of 1613, when John Rolfe and Pocahontas knelt in the aisle for the nuptial benediction.

The tower roofing the vestibule stands still. The mortar is as hard as stone, and the bricks are further bound together by ivy stems and roots. The arched doorway is that through which "the Lady Rebecca" and her pale-face bridegroom passed that day, arm in arm. Vandal hammer and pick have dug holes in the sides. The church, flanked by the tower, has crumbled to the foundations; in the crowded graveyard behind it ruthless tourists have not left one stone upon another. Fennel brushes our shoulders and brambles entangle our feet as we explore the waste grounds. A quarter-mile away is a government building erected by Sir William Berkeley, and afterward and for many years the homestead of the Jaquelines and Amblers. The silent decrepitude of neglected old age broods over the landscape; the tawny river slowly and surely licks away the clayey banks.

The place is haunted. In the languorous calm of the spring-like weather we sit upon the broken wall in the shadow of the ivy-bound tower, the dead of six generations under our feet, and dream. Now and then we talk softly of what has been here, and of those who people our dream world.

John Smith, the conqueror of kings, walked these shores, and took counsel with brave, loyal George Percy. Hereabouts he welcomed Pocahontas and her train of forest maidens, and withstood to their teeth Wingfield and Ratcliffe and Archer. Here Sir Thomas Dale negotiated the marriage of Powhatan's daughter with worthy Master John Rolfe, after the Governor had quelled by Scripture and diplomacy the "mighty war in the meditations" of the grave lover touching the lawfulness of wedding a "strange woman" who came of "a generation accursed." In the chancel, the exact location of which we take pains to identify, the girl convert to Christianity received the water of baptism and her new name. About this spot were dug the ditches of the rude fortifications behind which Sir William Berkeley defied Bacon, the miasmatic moats from which the fiery young rebel drew the fever germs that ended his days shortly after he had laid Jamestown in ashes. Over there, where the tangle of brier and weed is thickest, was consigned to rest the body of sweet Lady Frances Berkeley, who sickened and died at Green Spring after she had seen her husband sail for England; had seen, also, the glare of the bonfires and heard the salvoes of artillery with which the colonists rejoiced at the departure of one they execrated as a bloody tyrant. A fragment of her tombstone is in the drawing-room of the isolated dwelling to our right, taken in by a pitying stranger to preserve it from the sacrilegious hammer aforesaid.

Every foot of soil has been soaked in blood since Smith and his colony took possession of the goodly land in the name of God and King James. As far as the eye can reach, the level tract is enwrapped with historic and romantic associations as it will to-night be veiled by clinging mists.

By the road along which Bacon spurred in hot haste to take, at "the Middle Plantation," the oath to oppose his Majesty's Governor and Representative, we are driven to the scene of the stormy episode in the tragedy of Nathaniel Bacon's rebellion. A long crazy bridge crosses the creek that has converted the peninsula into an island. Marshlands, drearily depressing, border the highway until we enter the forest. The bed of the winding road is sometimes of red, sometimes of white clay. Overhead and far away

> "the buzzard sails on
> And comes and is gone,
> Stately and still, like a ship at sea."

The spell of pensive silence is over the whole country. We pass few houses, and meet but one vehicle—a wagon, in which a party of hunters is going riverward. A slain deer is huddled in the back of the vehicle. Two tired dogs trot after it, with lolling tongues and muddy feet.

As we near the ancient capital of Virginia, no stir of city life comes out to greet us. Governor Francis Nicholson removed the seat of government from Jamestown to the flourishing Middle Plantation in the "boom" that followed the accession of William and Mary. In paroxysmal loyalty, he laid out the future metropolis monogrammatically, designing a perpetual testimony to the wedded sovereigns and his own ingenuity. One straight street, a measured mile in length, was the spinal column of the plan. It still bears the name he gave it, of the boy Duke of Gloucester, the heir-presumptive to the throne, then filled by his childless aunt and uncle-in-law. Diverging thoroughfares were to form, on one side, a capital W; upon the other, an M. The street had one terminus in William and Mary College, the second university built in the New World. Harvard is her senior. The Bishop of London was the first Chancellor. Sir Christopher Wren drew the plan of the original edifice (burned in 1705). The Reverend James Blair, the only man in Virginia who was not intimidated by the eccentric and truculent Governor, was the first president.

We alight at the gate by which the campus debouches into Duke-of-Gloucester Street. To the right is the president's house. The bricks, alternately gray and dull red, like a checker-board, were brought from England two hundred years ago. The venerable dwelling is occupied now, and the front doors of the ancient and honorable halls of learning stand hospitably open. For almost a score of years after the war there were neither professors nor students within the hoary walls. On five mornings of each week in term-time, the president, whose home was a little way out of town, unlocked the door of the college, rang the bell, and read prayers in the chapel, preserving by this form the charter of the institution. Imagination can conjure up no more dramatic and pathetic picture than that of the old man—a war-scarred veteran of the civil conflict—plodding through the daily routine from month to month and year to year. What a company of august shades filled the seats as collect and psalm were said to seemingly empty space! Twenty members of Congress, seventeen State Governors, two Attorney-Generals, twelve college professors, four signers of the Declaration of Independence, one Chief Justice, four cabinet officers, and three Presidents of the United States were graduates of "old William and Mary," besides eminent soldiers, men of letters, and reverend divines whose names star the pages of colonial and commonwealth history. Within the past ten years new shoots have sprung up from the venerable root. By the scent of water in the guise of a legislative appropriation, the noble old trunk has revived. The faculty is no longer represented by one white-haired man, nor are his auditors bodiless.

But we have to do now with the shades, as real to our apprehension and more interesting than the flesh and blood of to-day.

Opposite the president's house is a building of like proportions and architecture, known in those elder times as the Brafferton School. Sir Robert Boyle, the bosom friend of William Evelyn Byrd, of Westover, built and endowed it as an Indian seminary—a modest antitype of Hampton. Midway between these houses is the statue of Norborne Berkeley (Lord Botetourt), the best-beloved of the royal Governors. It is of Italian marble, and was erected in 1771. "America, behold your friend!" exhorts one panel of the pedestal. Graceless boys and marauding military, alike regardless of the admonition, have mutilated what was really a noble work of art. The discolored features express, if anything, mild surprise, piteous in the circumstance, and the head has been rejoined awry to the neck, but there are remains of dignity in figure and attitude that make this solitary ornament of the college grounds congruous with the place. The solid silver coffin-plate, with his name and coronet engraved upon it, was stolen from the crypt under the college library during the civil war, and after its conclusion was returned anonymously to Williamsburg.

The old Capitol was the other terminus of Duke-of-Gloucester Street. A few years ago the ruins were purchased by a corporation that pried out the very foundations, and bore them off to Newport News to be worked into commercial buildings. The straight wide thoroughfare presented a gay pageant in the days of Botetourt, Fauquier, Dinwiddie, and Spotswoode—"an animated spectacle of coaches and four, containing the 'nabobs' and their dames; of maidens in silk and lace, with high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings; of youths passing on spirited horses—and all these people are engaged in attending the assemblies at the palace, in dancing at the Apollo" (in the famous Raleigh tavern, part of which is still standing), "in snatching the pleasure of the moment, and enjoying life under a régime which seems made for enjoyment."

The wings of the palace remained until blown down by the blast of civil war. The site is occupied by a school-house. From the cellar runs a subterranean gallery 150 yards in length, opening into a funnel-shaped pit of substantial masonry. On each side of this is a walled chamber, capable of containing perhaps a dozen people. In the early spring-time narcissuses, jonquils, and crocuses fringe the mouth of the chasm. A clump of thorn-trees shades it. In the age of Indian massacres, and rebellions many against powers that were to-day and night not be to-morrow, the engineering and toil that contrived the exit from the official mansion were not idly bestowed.

The octagonal powder-magazine built in 1716 by the ablest of colonial Governors, Alexander Spotswoode, recalls him less vividly than it awakens associations of the last and worst of the line of royal lieutenants. In the dim dawn of April 20, 1775, a party of marines stole across the palace green and Gloucester Street to the magazine, and before the Williamsburgers were astir, removed the ammunition to a man-of-war lying in the offing. Two months later, Dunmore having been forced to surrender the keys of the "Old Powder-horn," some men entered it, and were wounded by a spring-gun tied to the door. Powder-barrels were found secreted under the floor, and the tempest of popular indignation at the discovery of the infernal plot drove the Governor from Virginia and from America.

Upon the steps of the Capitol upon the July day of the adjournment of the House of Burgesses that same year, three men lingered for a few parting words. The war cloud was big upon the horizon. The vice-regal chariot and six cream-colored horses would never again flash along the long straight avenue; there would be no more palace balls; Thomas Jefferson, sandy-haired and awkward, would never dance again "with Belinda at the Apollo." The glitter and glamour of the court had passed forever from the lowland town. Henry's war-cry, "Liberty or Death!" had been echoed by the "shot heard 'round the world." Washington, as Commander-in-chief of colonial forces, was in Boston. Richard Henry Lee, the most majestic of the three figures fancy poses for us upon the Capitol steps, wrote silently upon a pillar of the portico:

> "When shall we three meet again?
> In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
> When the hurly-burly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won."

In 1779 the seat of government was removed to the comparatively insignificant village of Richmond, higher up the river. Williamsburg was too accessible to British cruisers, and too remote from Washington's lines. The measure stamped "Ichabod" upon the once haughty little capital. Dry-rot, stealthy and fatal, settled upon her pleasant places. The ghosts are faithful to it. Each house has its history, or yet more interesting tradition.

In the drawing-room of Dr. J. D. Moncure (the able Superintendent of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, situated in Williamsburg) hangs the portrait of Mary Cary, renowned for beauty and belleship in a family where beauty is hereditary and pronounced. Her sister Sally became the wife of George William Fairfax, the near neighbor and intimate friend of George Washington. The oft-repeated tale that "Sally" Cary was the first love of the Father of his Country is so effectually refuted by a document courteously furnished to me by her great-grandson, Dr. Moncure, that I make no apology for preferring his story to my own:

"George William Fairfax, of Belvoir (Virginia) and Poulston, Yorkshire, England.... married, December 17, 1748, Sarah, second daughter of Colonel Wilson Cary, of Celeys, near Hampton, on James River. George Fairfax was the companion of Washington on his surveying tour for Lord Fairfax. Washington first met Mrs. Fairfax at Belvoir, near Mount Vernon, when she was brought home as the bride of George William Fairfax. Miss Mary Cary accompanied her sister Sarah to Belvoir, and there met George Washington. She was then but fourteen years of age. Washington was only sixteen.... He had never visited the Low Country near Williamsburg prior to this, and therefore could not have met Sarah Cary until her marriage. It is said that he fell in love at sight with Mary Cary, and went so far, on his first visit to Williamsburg, as to ask Colonel Cary for the hand of his daughter."

The big rawboned lad found scant favor in the eyes of the patrician planter. He was dismissed in terms so curt that we must bear in mind paternal pride and other extenuating circumstances if we would keep intact our idea of a fine old Virginia gentleman.

"If that is your business here, sir, I wish you to leave the house! *My daughter*"—the swelling emphasis rumbles down the corridor of years—"has been accustomed to ride in her own coach."

Tradition asserts that the chagrined suitor took the choleric parent at his word, and that the next time he looked upon the face of his early love was when he passed through Williamsburg on his return from Yorktown after the surrender of Cornwallis. As we stroll down the spinal street, the window in the old Cary house is pointed out at which Mary Cary—now Mrs. Edward Ambler—stood to watch the parade. Washington looked up, recognized her, and waved a smiling salute with his sword, whereat the lady fainted. A becoming and not difficult feat at an era when to swoon opportunely and gracefully was a branch of feminine education.

The incident rounds off the romance artistically, and I am self-convicted of ungracious injury to the unities in introducing, at the demand of justice, rebutting testimony in a note from another descendant of the much-wooed Mary Cary:

"Edward Ambler was about six feet in height, with a slender and remarkably genteel figure, and a fine, manly, expressive face. As he had mingled with the best society in Europe, it is not to be wondered at that his manners were as polished as those of any nobleman in England. He was a man of great wealth and finished education, and ardently attached to his wife, who found him the kindest and most indulgent husband in the world. Why, then, should she regret the step she had taken in choosing between him and his illustrious rival?"

Still another family paper mentions, "as a curious fact, the lady George Washington afterwards married resembled Miss Cary as much as one twin sister ever did another." We look earnestly at the portrait upon Dr. Moncure's wall after all the evidence is in, unable, as we confess, to trace the alleged resemblance between the first and latest loves of the nation's benefactor. The turban or cap—a part, we are told, of a fancy dress in which she chose to be painted—is disfiguring, hiding, as it does, the contour of the cheeks and elongating the face, besides concealing most of the hair, which is chestnut and apparently abundant. The complexion is exquisite; the eyes are dark blue. Mary Cary must have owed much to color, expression, and manner if the limner did her justice, and if the stories of her surpassing loveliness are true. Yet, as we gaze upon the fresh young face, we note the smooth low brow, the spirited curve of the mouth, the fine oval of cheek and chin, and begin to comprehend the probability of the sway she held over the hearts of two of the finest men in the grand old Mother State.

A letter, still extant, from Washington to a friend who had bantered him upon his admiration of Mrs. Custis contains this remarkable passage: "You need not tease me about the beautiful widow. *You* know very well whom I love."

The great chieftain is a trifle more human to our apprehension for the rift in the granitic formation that grants us a glimpse of fire in the heart of the bowlder.

In the old Bruton parish church (founded in 1632) we are shown the gray marble font from which Pocahontas was baptized. The building is smaller now than in the times of the royal Governors by the depth of the room cut off from the rear of the altar. In this room is the royal gallery where sat the representative of the crown, his family, and sub-officers during divine service. A door at the back was the private entrance to what corresponded in the provinces with the royal "closet" in English chapel or cathedral. That shabby little door opened Sunday after Sunday for one year to let pass into the gallery such fine folk as "the Right Honorable the Countess of Dunmore, with Lord Fincastle, the Honorable Alexander and John Murray, and the Ladies Catherine, Augusta, and Susan Murray."

From a visitor at the palace we hear that "Lady Dunmore is a very elegant woman. Her daughters are fine, sprightly, sweet girls. Goodness of heart flashes from them in every look." That was the eighteenth-century Jenkins's manner of speaking of the occupants of the royal "closets." We speculate shrewdly as to who filled this particular post of honor upon June 1, 1774, the memorable fast-day when all the worshippers wore mourning, and the text of the sermon was, "*Help, Lord! for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men!*" Lady Dunmore and daughters may have had their dish of taxed tea that evening. No true lover of her country and liberty touched or tasted the banned thing.

In a hospitable homestead not far away

from the church is a portrait of Pocahontas's greatest descendant, John Randolph of Roanoke. It represents him at the age of thirty, at which date he was in Congress. The picture is as gentle-eyed and sweet of face as an amiable boy of seventeen. Pale brown hair, with auburn lights in it, falls low on the forehead. There is not a token in the serene contemplative visage and clear eyes of the morbid wretchedness of which bitter cynicism was the mask. In the same dwelling is kept the silver communion service used in the Jamestown church as far back as 1661. It bears the inscription in English and Latin, "*Mix not holy things with profane.*" There is also a service presented to "Christ Church, Bruton Parish," by Queen Anne, who, a chronicler affirms, "loved her college."

In this home John Randolph passed much of his early life. One of the fairest pictures conjured up by the magic wand of tradition is that of his beautiful mother—whose portrait faces his from the opposite wall—wearing widow's weeds, and kneeling, with a pretty boy beside her, "his fresh face pressed against her black gown, in the picturesque old church in Williamsburg during a special service of fasting and prayer"; which special occasion, we choose to believe, was the same referred to just now when the fearless patriot cried from the pulpit to the God of armies for help. Mother and child were seen thus by a young Bermudian, an alumnus of William and Mary, who strayed into the sanctuary, and, in the graceful phrase of his great-grandson, Mr. Charles Washington Coleman, from whom we have the story, "found that love at first sight was as possible then as in 'the still-vexed Bermoothes' of *The Tempest.*" He made the acquaintance of his charmer, declared his passion, and, after a while, was rewarded with her heart and hand. Writing about it fifty years afterwards, he said, "I thought I had never seen so beautiful a woman or so beautiful a child."

"Thus St. George Tucker, when an old man, Professor of Law in William and Mary, and a judge of the United States Court, recorded his first meeting with his distinguished step-son." John Randolph found in him the kindest, most indulgent of step-fathers.

One of the notable figures of old Williamsburg society was known to the day of her death as "Lady Christina Stuart;" although married to Mr. John Griffin, and with him a pilgrim in the New World. Descended from the royal Stuart line, she possessed beauty of a high order, and stories of her stateliness are as numerous as those of her piety and charity. Another dame of high degree was "Lady" Skipworth, the daughter of the third William Byrd of Westover, and niece of "the fair Evelyn," whose tragic love-story is a favorite theme with tide-water *raconteurs*. Lingering by the neglected burying-ground in which she lies, we hearken not faithless, not altogether credulous, to the tale of her restless flittings in white attire from room to room of an ancient mansion in which she died.

Seated in the cozy parlor of a yet older house, face to face with the sweet-faced, sweet-toned mistress, we quite believe the recital given by the voice—whose modulations are like "the music of Carryl" to ears once familiar with the slow ripple of Virginia speech—of the click of high heels that echoes along the hall to the door of the apartment in which we are now seated, and that the door flies open as the footfalls reach it—a phenomenon so often repeated that the occurrence excites no alarm, scarcely remark, among the visible inmates of the dwelling. Sometimes the wearer of the high-heeled slippers walks in broad daylight, but usually at night. All attempts to fathom the mystery have been fruitless. The accustomed ears of our hostess have supplied other senses with a vivid conception of what manner of ghost is the unquiet visitant. The feet are small, she is sure; the tread is light, with the buoyancy of youth; the carriage is high-bred. The "tap! tap!" of the dainty heels begins at the back of the wide hall, and moves steadily to the door; obedient to her touch, the door is opened, as by the eager hand of an expectant lover—then all is silent. Did the nameless "she" meet her fate upon the threshold? Or does she still seek and pursue it?

An upper chamber is haunted by a young Frenchman—one of Rochambeau's officers, who died here during the Revolutionary war, the house being in use then by Washington and others in high command. The apartment across the hall from the foreigner's death-room has periodical visitations upon the anniversary of the decease of Chancellor Wythe, who once owned and lived in the mansion. He was done to his death by poison administered by his nephew. At the hour and on the night in which he breathed his last, a closet door uncloses, an icy wind pours forth, and a cold hand is passed over the face of whomsoever may be the occupant of the bed. More than one sceptic has begged for and obtained permission to sleep in the chamber upon the anniversary, but none has ever cared to repeat the experiment.

They are, one and all, punctilious ghosts, the smiling narrator adds, never encroaching upon each other's beats, behavior becoming Rochambeau's contemporary, the dainty dame of the clicking tread, and the courtly Chancellor. A house upon the same side of the street is as affluent in disembodied residents or guests, offering as it does especial facilities for their occupation and entertainment in a double roof and divers secret chambers, one of which was but recently discovered.

All this well-attested ghost lore does not touch our hearts or quicken our fancy as does one small pane of glass in a pleasant home across the way from the double-roofed domicile. The room is not large, and somewhat secluded, looking out upon a side garden. Lilac-bushes, mossy with age, shade the lower part of the window. It is just the nook that would be selected for lonely musing or silent weeping by love-sick girl or stricken woman. We can see the mourner leaning her forehead against the sash as she writes with her diamond ring upon the glass: "1796. *Nov. 23. Ah, fatal day!*" Tradition is dumb as to the trembling record—silence we hardly regret.

A young girl, who might be the double of what the sad writer was before the fatal shadow swallowed up the light of her world, offers to trace a fac-simile of the piteous little legend upon tissue-paper for me, and I watch her intent face and slender fingers with a growing pain I cannot define, only that it goes with thoughts of other fingers—dust and ashes long ago—and of the old story that is never trite, of love, of loss, and heart-break. She who does me the favor does not know why I cannot smile in thanking her for her goodness to the stranger within her gates. As I might handle a sentient thing, I fold the bit of paper, and lay it gently between the leaves of the note-book that records, after all, but little that we have seen, heard, and felt during our sojourn in the dear old town where ghosts walk.

HARRY EDWARDS'S BUTTERFLIES.

To those who knew Harry Edwards only as Squire Western in *Tom Jones*, and as Baron Stein in *Diplomacy*, the fact that he was one of the foremost entomologists of his time was a genuine surprise. This came after his death in June last.

The story of his career as a man of science, which anteceded his stage life, accompanied it with equal foot, and which it was his expectation would survive it, is unusual among men in any walk in life, and exceptional in the profession to which he belonged. In the collection of insects which he left, and which is one of the largest in the world, is his first moth. It was caught in the lanes of Hertfordshire when, as a boy eight years old, he was led by his mother to school. It is still mounted on the shawl-pin which she then gave him for the purpose. Here, too, is the school-boy's cabinet, still in use.

Harry Edwards sprang from a race of lawyers, and was educated for the law. But at seventeen, his brother having a sheep ranch in Australia, he took his patrimony and joined him there. His passion renewed by the brilliant insect life of Australia, the young collector was sheep farmer by day and caught moths by night. Knowing his ability as an amateur actor, a distressed manager in Melbourne begged him to take the place of an actor who was ill, and save him from closing his theatre. In his first appearance on the professional stage, Harry Edwards played Julius Cæsar with his arm in a sling. He had broken it falling from a load of hay. Flattering offers were made him, and at length, troubles having descended on the sheep farm, he accepted. This change of occupation made no difference. The actor was as zealous a collector as was the sheep farmer. In the morning he would run out by rail into the country and spend the day with his net, going only as far as he could and allow time to return for evening performance.

Later, having married, he went to Peru and to Panama, following his profession of actor. Nor was the manner of his life changed. After an early breakfast he and his wife would drive into the country, explore the tropical forests, and return in the evening, foot-sore and weary, for his night's work, but laden with treasures for the precious stores which at any expense followed his wanderings.

In 1867 Harry Edwards went to San Francisco, where he remained eleven years as actor-manager, and where he narrowly escaped the career of a university professor. His study of the lepidoptera of the Pacific coast was exhaustive, his writings extensive, and his correspondence with scientific men all over the world large. In San Francisco the collection, then numbering 250,000 specimens, took organized form.

When, in 1879, he finally made his home in this city, the collection was brought East, and installed in the "butterfly" rooms of his house, where it now is. His work continued systematic and uninterrupted. Actors are not proverbially early risers. Harry Edwards was always up by half past seven. If rehearsals did not take him to Wallack's Theatre, of which company he was a member, he and his wife were off to the country, where they beat the paths, bushes, and trees for specimens until time to get back to town. If rehearsals kept him in town, as soon as they were over he put on his working jacket and went to the butterfly-rooms, where there was always work to be done—so much, indeed, that for three years he was obliged to have an assistant, aided also as he was by Mrs. Edwards and Charley, the faithful China boy.

In their care it still remains. It numbers now over 300,000 specimens, flawlessly preserved and perfect in arrangement. From a scientific point of view it is remarkable for what are known as the "outside orders" and their types. Of the last there are 450 never previously catalogued. As with all collectors, his study tended specially in one direction. This was in that of wood-borers—the insects so destructive to trees. Of the 111 specimens known, his collection contains 102, and his special knowledge of their habits led him to hope for some means of preventing their ravages.

But it is the popular and entertaining aspect of the collection rather than its scientific side which will interest most people.

Here are the bird's-wing-butterflies of Ceylon and Manila, distinctly pinnated and large as swallows; the gray owl-moths of Brazil, nearly ten inches from wing tip to wing tip, and with black staring eyes stained in their substance; the black witches, *Erebus strix*, gloomy and portentous; the dog-face moths, on each wing of which all the breeds of dogs seem to have had their portraits sketched, so different yet so ridiculously like the death's-head-moth, which bears the skull and cross-bones plainly visible on its body; the beautiful morpho; the weird sphinx-moth; the glittering green jewelled moths of Borneo; the opalescent frail hetæræ; the cold delicate beauty of the Parnassian, which has stolen its tints from snow and rocks.

Who could ever have caught in flight the marvellous beauty of the dragon-fly, which Charley, the China boy, unfolds, transfixed like the aerial fabric of a dream in boxes; the grasshoppers which are now like the transformation of rose leaves from some giant plant, and now counterfeiting the drying leaves of some tree with twisted leaves for legs, "walking-sticks," as their name literally implies; and other curious interchanges between the animal and vegetable worlds. In these unique and odd freaks of nature, as in its varieties of beetles, the collection is rich.

It is desired to purchase the collection for the Natural History Museum; an effort is now making, and it will doubtless succeed. In that case it will be properly displayed, and the many things worth seeing of which this article merely hints will remain on permanent exhibition.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

OUR GALLANT FIREMEN.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

FOR the extinguishing of fires in large centres of population, the contingencies being numerous, the apparatus employed is not so complex as varied. As far as New York is concerned, foundations presenting no difficulties, buildings rise to great heights. There are limits insisted upon by municipal authority in London and Paris, the height of the structure bearing a fixed proportion to the width of the street, which restrictions are not thought of in New York or Chicago. Architects, following the instructions of property-owners, pile story on story. Accessibility to these lofty structures necessitates elevators. When there is a fire in such a high building, the extinguishing of fire becomes difficult. The constant element of danger in the lofty modern structure is the elevator shaft. This acts, when there is a fire, as would a chimney with lateral openings. The rapidity of conflagration, the danger to the lives of the inmates, the gutting of the interior, are the resultants of this forced draught. Statistics show that deaths from fires within tall buildings having elevators are on the increase. The problem still to be solved is how to construct an elevator so that in its passage upwards or downwards each flight shall be cut off by mechanically working slides from the flights above or below, or that when the elevator is at rest the shaft shall remain closed at every story. The absolutely fire-proof building is yet on trial.

We may not improve on the steam fire-engine, for with a sufficiency of water, mechanical devices can and do arrest fires. Chiefs of Fire Departments in the large cities of the United States deem that they have been worsted in their fight with fire should they lose more than the building in which the flames originated. Accidents may occur when more than one structure is consumed, but that does not arise from any want of skill or efficiency on the part of a fire department. Much depends on the position of the building, its contents, meteorological condition, and a great deal on internal construction.

The two problems a competent fire chief must solve are, first, the saving of life; and next, the extinguishing or the limiting of the fire area. The two are, in a measure, interdependent. In a hotel or tenement the promptest decision is required on the part of the head of the Fire Department. He must determine instanter his course of action. The responsibility which he may have to face at any hour of the night is a heavy one, and likely to try the nerves of the coolest of men.

In the fire at the Hotel Royal in New York on the 7th of this month, where the loss of life was so terrible, the two conditions were met with. It was a fairly crowded hotel, having an elevator shaft, and without adequate means of escape. It burnt up as rapidly as would a fagot of kindling-wood. Lives had to be saved, and at the same time the fire had to be checked. In exactly such a situation the services of the hook and ladder companies were conspicuous, and the gallantry of all the men, no matter to what branch of the service they were attached, was fully displayed.

There is generally a misconception as to what is meant by a hook and ladder company. The use of the ladder is at once understood, and the necessity of it; the hook is an implement used to pull down portions of buildings with. The hook is among the oldest of implements used for scaling walls, and dates back from mediæval times. The scaling ladders are made of a single length of tough wood, with the rungs at right angles with it, and passing through it. Its upper end terminates with a metal hook, which permits it to be attached to the window-sills or copings of a house. In ordinary cases ladders are used, but there are many fires where, in order to obtain access to the upper portions of a house, the hook becomes a necessity. Ladders are not always long enough to reach the desired heights, and then the hooks supplement them.

Hook and ladder companies are essentially life-saving in their duties. To each fire battalion in New York there are generally assigned two hook and ladder companies. There are thirty-six to forty hook and ladder machines, though they may not be all in service at one time, some being under repair. To a hook and ladder company there is given an average of twelve men, and in particular cases there have been as many as eighteen. These men represent the pick of the service as to physique. All of them have passed through the school of instruction, and have been specially trained for their duties. It is not coolness alone that is requisite, but that perfect reliance which comes from well-trained muscles.

On the apparatus is carried in addition to the ladders, which, with their extensions, are ninety feet long, a number of hooks, with axes, crowbars, ropes, life-saving nets, and fire-extinguishers. On account of the extreme length of the ladders, the apparatus is extended, and there is a steering-wheel, acting on the back axle, which enables the truck to turn sharp corners. The three horses attached to such a lumbering machine must be of the best, for every minute lost in reaching a centre of conflagration means chances of death or destruction of property.

Mr. Thulstrup shows the start of a hook and ladder company, and the preparation of its *personnel* while *en route*. One man on the truck is in the act of pulling on his overcoat. It is the most alert of crews, for celerity of movement is everything. The runner, who must be possessed of a good wind, keeps pace with the fast-gaited horses, and warns off passing vehicles. If the coast is clear, he springs on the hurrying machine. Awakened from their sleep at midnight, the hook and ladder men ten minutes afterwards may be swarming up their ticklish ladders (inside of the house a fiery furnace), and in rescuing a child, face death—and all within the quarter of an hour.

So often have there been fine descriptions written of the dash of the firemen through the streets that little more can be added, save what our artist has so cleverly represented. When a great foreign painter, who visited this country, was asked what he deemed the highest exponent of physical force, being an impressionist, his answer was, "A steam fire-engine with its whirlwind of horses, scattering a trail of lurid light behind it as it tore past me in the gloom of a New York street at midnight."

EXILES IN ARCADY.

A CALIFORNIA WINTER.

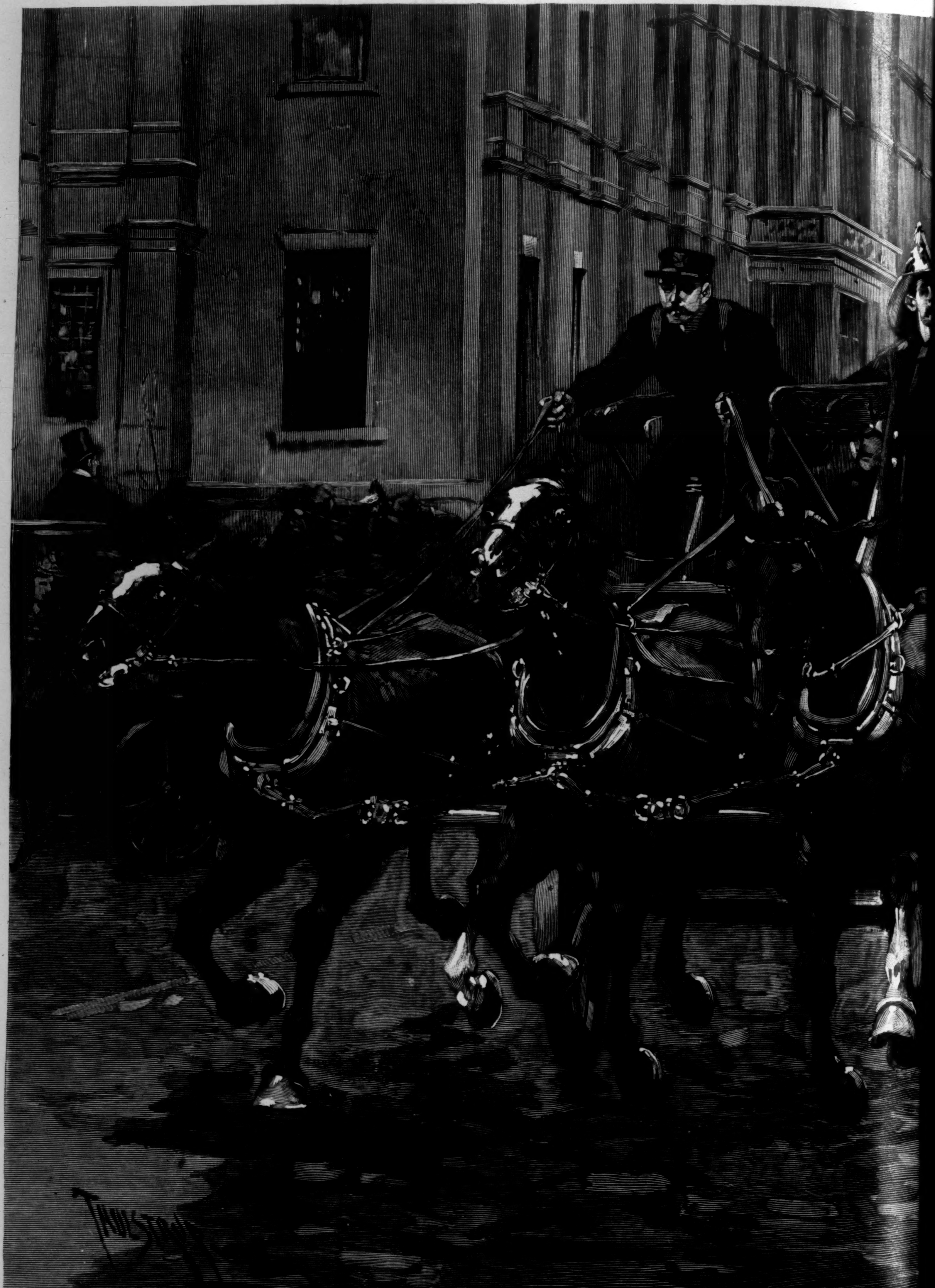
THIS lauded sky fulfils its lover's boast
  By its perpetual mimicry of spring;
But while it marshals all the meadow host
  In one unbroken march of blossoming,
Something we miss who otherwhere have found
  The treasure of the year's first violet,
Or even the sudden greening of the ground
  With swift-wrought broidery of cowslips set.
Here is no music like the earliest song
  Carolled from vibrant boughs of budded elm;
Here joy, that doth its day too much prolong,
  Even with itself itself doth overwhelm.

We pace these level paths with lagging feet;
Rough ways o'ertrodden make smooth ways more
    sweet;
And spring is cheerless save it catch a last
Keen charm from memories of winter past.

Our window opens toward the song-famed land
  Of rose-rich gardens and unshadowed skies.
Oh, weary prospect! Yes, I understand,
  Dear heart, the meaning of your wistful eyes.
They see where our own winter fields outspread
  Their long white slopes thin set with frost-
    browned stalks;
Or where snow-weighted branches overhead
  Transfigure with new grace our winter walks;
Or down the long road, braving the thick storm,
  They see the flake-flecked pool of ruddy light
That from the dear home ingle, waiting warm,
  Flows through black panes into the deep of
    night.

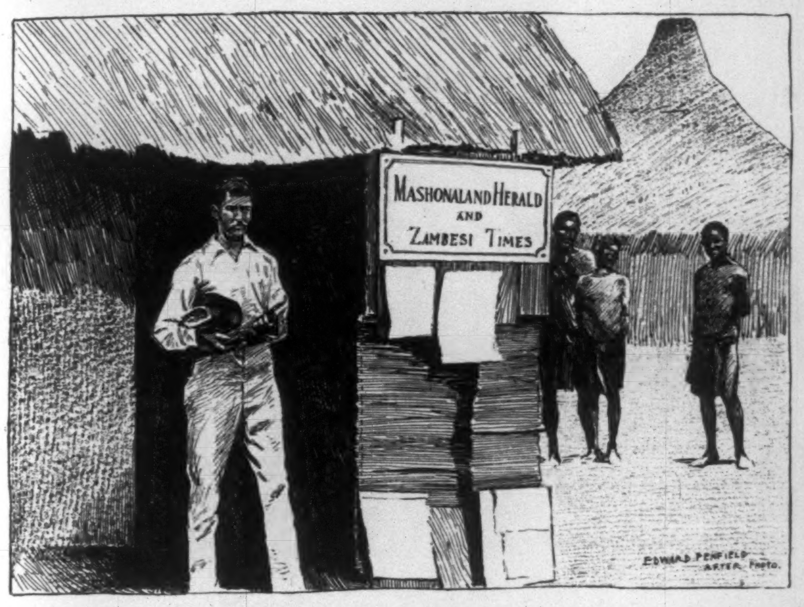
If heaven were indeed the land they say
Of chilless summer and unendarkened day,
  How from its fields would we yearn back to
    thee,
Oh, winter world! oh, days of stress and strife!
  Oh, ebbing, flowing, sometimes stormy sea
Of circumstances, of change, of zestful life!

KATHERINE VAN HARLINGEN.



THE MODEL NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT—A HOOK AND LA

ER COMPANY ON THE RUN.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 178.]



JOURNALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

TRUE genius will surmount all obstacles, no matter in what shape they may arise. A poet will write poetry, and continue to write it, even though every editor in the world be set against him and his finances reduced to nothing while he revels in the joys of song. So it is with journalism—editors are born, not cultivated, and the born editor will prove himself at the north pole, and give vent to his opinions on a sheet of ice in lieu of paper. Inborn genius absolutely and firmly declines to be downed. Mr. W. E. Fairbridge, of Fort Salisbury, South Africa, seems to be a born editor in hard luck. He publishes the *Mashonaland Herald and Zambesi Times*, and a picture of the editor and his publishing office is given herewith. It would discourage any one but a sure enough genius to editorially advise the government how to run things of state, and know that before they may receive the benefit of the advice that the question will have been settled, but Mr. Fairbridge must rise superior to the occasion. If there is one thing in favor of journalism in South Africa it is that native boys may be pressed into service as "composing devils," and all the ink they may acquire will not disfigure their natural beauty, and cause sorrow to the editor's heart by their appearing in the editorial rooms disguised as camelopards in jeans aprons.

A STORY OF 1892.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

THAT this should have happened at all is sad enough; but that it should have come so soon after the feasting and the good-will of Christmas and New-Year's gives a refined intensity to its bitterness. And yet it is but a single incident, and aside from its own pathos is capable only of illustrating life—actual existence—as it is seen by too many people in that vaguely defined east-side tenement district of this city.

This is a true story. It needs no elaboration that it may appeal to the heart. Invention cannot produce a more pathetic picture of little children wise beyond their years through adversity's pressure; imagination cannot depict a more hopeless, lost, cold-souled condition than that of the ill-featured men and women who gathered at the last to smile at the dead and sorrow over the living. It was Death's own pity that brought him to that poor room. And now, as you read, remember Ben Jonson's words:

> "Weep with me, all you that read
> This little story;
> And know, for whom a tear you shed
> Death's self is sorry."

When snow came during the first week of the new year there came with it a sudden change of temperature. The air was biting cold, and the wet chill crept up the streets from the East River and fastened itself upon the marrow of the tenement dwellers. The poorly fitted doors and windows presented little opposition to the fierce wind, and the snow was blown into rooms in long angry streamers. And in at least one room the snow did not melt as it came; there was no fire in that room, no fuel for a fire, no stove in which to build one. The only warmth there was that given out by the puny bodies of three spindling children—two sisters just old enough to have been tucked into snug cribs in warm rooms and kissed to sleep by loving mothers, and their baby brother.

It is a terrible thing to say that there were those living who were responsible for the existence of these little ones, and that they did nothing—absolutely nothing—to warm, feed, and clothe them. There was a father and a mother. The family had moved into the room during Christmas week. Moving was not a difficult task, for there were not enough household goods to warrant the employment of a single wagon. By turns the two little sisters carried the baby, wrapped in a piece of ragged bed-covering, and the mother bore the more important articles—more important because plates and cups might break and could not be replaced. But a baby—faugh! That was nothing! So cheap does human life become when daily bread is something more than a mere form of prayer.

Meanwhile the father was drunk. He knew no intermediate degrees of intoxication; he drank to get drunk. The family had no food, but the kind-hearted people in the house fed the poor creatures from their own insufficient tables. They had but the bare allowance made them by the world, and they cursed the world for its meagreness; but all unmurmuringly they divided with those worse off than themselves.

For a few days the mother sat in the room, crouched on the floor, a shawl over her head, and rocking her body back and forth as she repeated: "Me man is drunk. Me man is drunk." No one disputed her. As no one could say he was sober, the fact of his drunkenness was accepted without question. The two little girls nursed the baby between them, feeding him bread soaked in milk and water, or in undiluted water, to still his fretful cries. And they looked, with wonder in their large eyes, at their mother, for now she had changed her cry, and moaned: "Me man is dead. Me man is dead." They had not heard that before. It was not so awful to them as being drunk, however, for that meant curses and kicks and blows; but death was a mystery, and—well, who could tell them what it meant?

When the wind was shrieking its fiercest and the snow-cloud whirling highest, the mother rose to her feet and went out. She was away all the afternoon. There was no comfort for her at home; there was no fire, no food, no bed. So she staid away. The little sisters huddled in a corner with the baby between them, and silently watched the snow sift in over the floor in lengthening windrows. The baby cried unceasingly. Little Mary said at last,

"Do you think baby's hungry?"

"I don't know. Do you?" replied Katy.

"I don't know," Mary answered, slowly. She and Katy were both hungry, but they did not say this. They had lived so long in their few years, and been hungry so much, that they could accept it uncomplainingly as a part of life. But the baby—that was different; they could condone his crying from hunger, for he had it all to learn.

By-and-by Mary spoke again: "I wish mother would come."

"I do too," said Katy. It was lonesome. The room was darkening fast, and the snow, creeping over and past their feet, was so pitilessly cold; and it made such strange shapes whirling in the half-light. The mother would have taken no notice of them had she been there, but they would have found an appreciable comfort in her mere presence. They knew the value of small joys; large ones did not enter their sphere. They would have welcomed any animate thing—a big warm dog to lie against; anything but the fearful dark and the cold insidious snow.

Finally Mary slipped out of the room. "I'll fetch mother," she said, and was gone. She knew very well where to look—just at the corner where the windows were warm with yellow light, and a hot draught of air was at the door. Mary pushed the swinging door and stood inside. There to her eyes appeared men standing at a long table down one side of the room, drinking out of glasses yellow and red and white liquids. They called for more, and talked among themselves; they were engrossed in their comfort. No one saw Mary as she crept down the room, and at the end, at a table, found her mother. The woman was sodden. Her hair hung in strings about her shoulders, her shawl lay on the floor, among the crusts and rinds of a free lunch, and she mumbled to herself inarticulately. Yet she recognized Mary, and drove her away by look and gesture. And the little girl crept out again, and returned to her sister and the baby.

Brave little girl! It was not necessary to explain to Katy why she came alone. She said nothing of the momentary warmth of the saloon that had set her chilled little frame to trembling all over. Katy herself was numb and blue, but that was not worth mentioning. The baby was crying so querulously, so weakly, in little quick-drawn breaths. Mary took him into her own arms, but nothing she did could still his cries.

"I guess he's just cold," said she at last. "I don't believe he's hungry. I brought mother's shawl, and I'll wrap him up in it."

She gave the baby the benefit of every square inch of the worn old shawl, and held him close. She reached one hand out in the darkness and felt towards Katy.

"I've got something to eat," said she.

The refuse of the free lunch made such a supper as Mary and Katy had not eaten for many days. And when it was swallowed to the last crumb, Mary proposed that they lie down, one on each side of the baby, to keep him warm. Katy assented, and the three little bits of humanity lay so close together that one human arm might have embraced them all. But there was no arm; even the other dwellers in the house seemed to have forgotten them. And the very tears shed by angels weeping over their misery turned to snow-flakes that fluttered through the room, and lay cold against the sisters' cheeks.

By-and-by Mary stirred. She had been asleep. She awoke Katy. The baby was quiet. "I guess he's cried himself out," said Mary.

"Yes, he's asleep," said Katy.

Then they lay down and slept again. It was morning when they next awoke. They jumped up, and the snow fell from their thin little dresses and thin little legs on the floor. They looked at the baby, lying there half covered with snow.

"How sound he sleeps!" said Katy.

But Mary said, "I'm going to fetch somebody." And directly she brought in a woman of the house. "The baby cried till he cried himself out," said Mary, "and then he slept. But he sleeps so still!"

The woman was a good creature, and possessed an unfortunate sympathetic temperament—something sadly out of place in a tenement-house. Instantly she divined the case. "Yes, yes, he's cried himself out, and he's gone to sleep. Yes, yes. He won't wake up, dearie. He isn't cold, or hungry, or anything. He's just sound—very sound—asleep."

Then others of the house—men and women—came in to look upon one who had escaped their own hard fate. And they looked at the baby form, wrapped in a shawl, covered so lightly with the whitest snow, and said, softly, "Lucky little chap!" And they looked at Mary and Katy, alone, cold, forsaken, and said, still more gently, "Poor little girls!"

A young man, educated, refined, who is living on the east side and trying to better the condition of these people, climbed four awful flights of stairs, and came upon the group. There lay the baby's body. "God has taken him!" said the young man.

"Don't talk of God in a tenement-house!" said one of the group, bitterly. "We come into the world without choice, and we drag through it without choice, starving, freezing, all the way. He's got no use for us. It's only rich folks that can afford to have a God and believe in one."

The young man was troubled. "I don't wonder your faith weakens," said he.

"It don't weaken," was the reply. "There isn't any. Faith is dead—as dead as that baby."

For one short moment the young man sought a reply. It was no time for argument, and silence would mean defeat.

"Look!" said he, and his eyes shone with the consciousness of a good victory won. "Death means life. Like a seed that must lie in the dark ground before it can fulfil its mission of leaves and flowers and fruits. Your faith may be there now, but its day of birth comes." Then to the sisters: "Little ones, you shall come with me and learn to live."

It may have been his words, or the earnest simplicity of his manner, or his caressingly protective way towards the little girls, that wrought the work. But just then the bitter one went up to him and grasped his hand.

"There are lots of men," said he, "and a few brothers, but you—you are a man and brother. I can have faith in you, and to believe that you were sent into this hell's kingdom for good work."

"Now," said the young man, gladly, "the seed of your faith has put forth a shoot."

DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL.

I HAVE found in Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* the following passages relating to Charles Dickens: "The genius of the great novelist of the nineteenth century, like that of Homer, might indeed defy time; but the setting of his pathetic tales—the misery of the poor, the wrongs of power, the pitiless cruelty of the system of society—had passed away as utterly as Circe and the Sirens, Charybdis and Cyclops. . . . Judged by our standards [*i. e.*, of the twentieth century], he overtops all the writers of his age, not because his literary genius was highest, but because his great heart beat for the poor, because he made the cause of the victims of society his own, and devoted his pen to exposing its cruelties and shams. No man of his time did so much as he to turn men's minds to the wrong and wretchedness of the old order of things, and open their eyes to the necessity of the great change that was coming."

Without debating the social ideals of Mr. Bellamy, there is no doubt that he has here correctly defined the greatness of Dickens, and that he has also wisely suggested that Dickens's literary art was one thing, and that his great soul was another. Aside from all questions of literary criticism, the transcendent popularity of Charles Dickens with the English-speaking and English-reading races may be easily admitted, and as easily will it be admitted that this popularity has its cause and foundation in the greatness of the man himself.

If, then, it has been the mission of an American sculptor to present this great author to the eye of later generations as he will appear to its mind; if it has been the mission of an American sculptor to present Dickens to our own time in imperishable bronze, to stamp his greatness in eternal form, and so recreate his mortal image that every reader of his works must say, "Here is the man I love"—clearly that American sculptor has done a noble and an immortal work, has won for himself a great renown, may claim to be the worthy rival and the worthy equal of any modern sculptor.

That American sculptor is Mr. F. Edwin Elwell, already known as a man of talent and a man of genius, henceforth to be known as the recreator of Charles Dickens and Little Nell.

It has been already made known to the public that the highest honor attainable in this country by an American sculptor has been awarded Mr. Elwell, in the gold medal of the Philadelphia Art Club, for his statue of Little Nell; but it has possibly not been so generally known that this statue of surpassing beauty and subtlest study is portion of a colossal work which could not, on account of its dimensions, be placed in the rooms of the Philadelphia Art Club, and which has so far been seen by few critics.

I should prefer to pose in this paper rather as a prophet than as a critic. As a prophet I will venture to say that every one who loves and appreciates Charles Dickens, whether as the author of *The Old Curiosity Shop* or otherwise, will be enchanted by this group. If my prophecy turn true, the critics may stand aside. The public will take their place, and the science, the painstaking labor, and the consummate technique of Mr. Elwell will be lost to view in the magnitude of his popular success. This is as it should be. What a work of art has cost an artist should never be considered, especially when it is a great success. The whole is greater than its parts. The result is one thing; the means of its achievement are another. According to their various lights, sculptors and critics will appreciate the marvellous details of this group; but worshippers of Dickens will be satisfied to feel that their beloved author is before them, that he sits in dream-land, a seer and a prose poet, gazing down at the form of his beloved creation, who in turn looks up to him. The poetry of the conception is so obvious that we begin to wonder why every great author has not been conceived in some similar fashion by the sculptor's art. But it was the mission of Mr. Elwell to conceive an author in this way, and to choose that author for his subject whose greatness and whose popularity were fully worthy of his own creative mind and of his own noble art. Let us say, finally, that here is the portrait statue of Charles Dickens as it would best have pleased the man himself.

In view of a success which is attested by the verdict of a jury whose awards carry profound weight with American artists and American critics, it may be well to point out that this success has not been achieved suddenly, and that Mr. Elwell's earlier labors were appreciated in Europe in such manner as to prophesy his later renown in his own country. His first year at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris (1881) saw him victorious in competition with eighty fellow-pupils for the "Concours des Places." In the same year one of his portrait busts was given a place on the centre aisle of the sculpture department of the Salon. His bronze statue of the "Water-carrier," now owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was first exhibited at the Salon and in the Royal Academy of London. Mr. Elwell has also taken a medal for his proficiency in architecture from the Royal School of Arts at Ghent (1884). After his return to America he was for some time Professor of Sculpture in the National Academy of Design. The influence of the sculptor Mr. John Q. A. Ward, and the mediation of the painter Mr. Kruseman Van Elten, secured for him a commission for the town of Edam, in Holland, and this was the first work to leave his American studio. This work was a group in bronze representing "The Death of Strength," conceived as a dying lion overshadowed by a guardian angel. The group was a memorial to Mr. F. H. Pont, of Edam, and can be seen in the garden of the old cathedral of this place.

Among his important recent works is the portrait bust of Vice-President Morton, ordered by the government for the Senate-Chamber at Washington. In 1888 Mr. J. Cleveland Cady, architect of the Metropoli-

tan Opera-house, gave Mr. Elwell the commission for the sculpture decoration of the new library at Yale College (reliefs of ten philosophers), and for the memorial portrait bust of Mr. S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, the founder of this new building. Still other works are the bust of the "Magdalen" done in marble for Mr. Theodore C. Vaile, of Boston; the bust of Miss Louisa M. Alcott, for the library of Concord, Massachusetts; and the bust of Miss Frances Murphy, of New York, recently shown at the exhibition of the New York Architectural League. A highly remarkable work is the bust of "Job," made in Paris in the studio of Falguière. A magnificent group of "Una and the Lion," which has just been finished, will be done in marble for the Chicago World's Fair. These and other works of Mr. Elwell are characterized by a remarkably varied and original technique in the matter of details. His execution of drapery and hair would alone place him in the first rank of modern sculptors. As a student of form he is straightforward, vigorous, and truthful, with an occasional touch of that acrid honesty which is peculiar to the sculptors of the early Renaissance. To judge from the evidence of photographs, he has himself destroyed, for reasons best known to himself, some peculiarly important models. His conception of the "Immortality," or, as I should prefer to term it, of the Resurrection, is among these last named—one of the most original creations of modern art. Mr. Elwell's greatness in general lies in a power of original conception, which is supported by a thoughtful, subtle, and scientific technique. His great masterpiece in both directions is the colossal group of "Charles Dickens and Little Nell."

The gifted artist who forms the subject of my sketch was born at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1858. His great-grandfather had shared in the battle of Concord. His own youth was spent in the blacksmith shop of his grandfather, with whom, as a man of intuition and poetic nature, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Channing, and Mr. Alcott were wont to hold occasional converse. Elwell's first models from the antique were made in the art school of Miss Mary Alcott, at Concord. After her last departure for Europe, Miss Louise M. Alcott became Mr. Elwell's mentor and spiritual guide, and supported him in his determination to leave Greek sculpture to the Greeks and to try to make modern sculpture for the moderns. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Shurtleff, of the firm of Codman & Shurtleff, Mr. Elwell was enabled to abandon business and devote himself entirely to sculpture. He was assisted to begin studies in Paris by Miss Alcott, by the sculptor Mr. D. C. French, and by Mr. A. P. Chamberlain. He is accustomed to lay great stress on the influence of his French master and friend, M. Falguière. It was during the first year of his studies in Paris (1881) that Mr. Elwell was married to Miss Hildreth, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. His friends are aware that he is in the habit of attributing much of his success to the influence and advice of his wife.

WILLIAM H. GOODYEAR.

CHARLES DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL.

THE PORTLAND MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

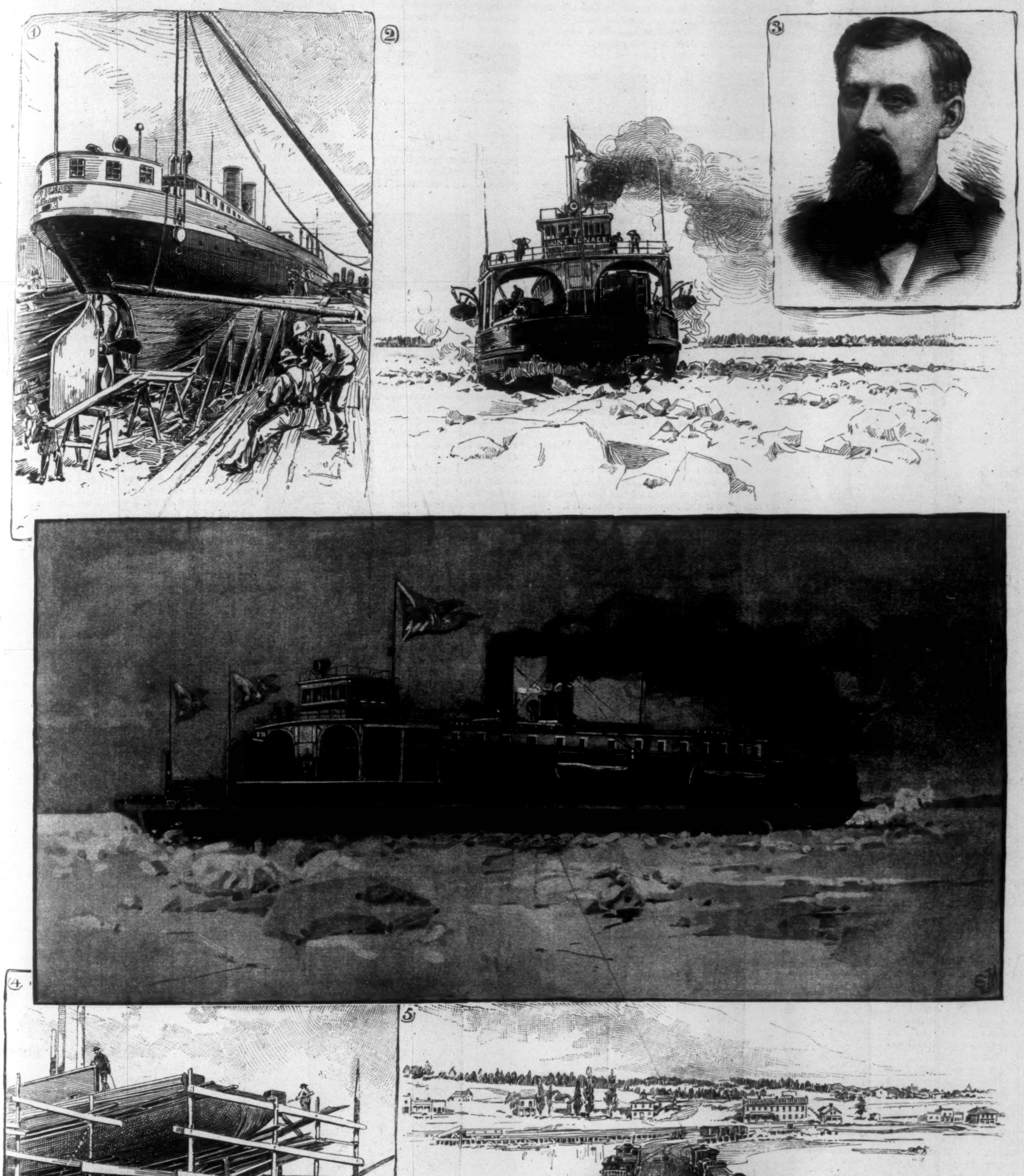
THE monuments erected by the grateful people of the country to the memory of those who died during the war between the States are almost as numerous as the counties of the States which remained loyal when the great conflict began. Such, however, are usually very unpretentious, and have been erected by local tombstone-makers. Occasionally, however, by States and large cities, monuments have been put up worthy to commemorate the deeds of the men who sacrificed their lives on the altar of patriotism. These monuments have, of course, always been designed by skilful sculptors. The most recent monument of this kind to have been erected was at Portland, Maine, and was designed and modelled by Franklin Simmons at his studio in Rome. The pedestal was designed by the distinguished New York architect, Richard M. Hunt.

It took almost twenty years to get together the funds necessary to pay for the monument. An association, with General John Marshall Brown as president, worked from 1874 till last fall to procure by subscription what was needed. Then the association turned the monument over to the city authorities, the president making a fine speech, and the Mayor of Portland replying in appropriate terms.

The monument is forty-five feet high, and consists of a massive pedestal, bearing upon two sides two groups of three figures each, one representing the United States army and the other the navy, while the pedestal is surmounted by a heroic figure, fifteen feet high, representing the American republic. Upon the front and back of the pedestal are suitable inscriptions. In the picture in this number of the WEEKLY one gets a very good idea of the monument itself and of the statue and groups of figures. The whole work is impressive and dignified. The officer in the centre of the naval group suggests at a casual glance Mr. St. Gaudens's Farragut, in Madison Square, New York; but on a closer examination it is found to be different in many regards, and very much inferior in artistic merit.

These groups and the statue were cast in Rome, at the foundry of Alexander Nelli, and before they were shipped to America the statue of the Republic was exhibited for several months in Rome. It attracted most flattering attention, and was visited by thousands, including the King and Queen of Italy. The next public work that will occupy Mr. Simmons will probably be the statue of General Grant that is to be placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, PORTLAND, MAINE.



THE ICE-CRUSHING STEAMER "ST. IGNACE."—Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 186.]

1. Stern View. 2. Going through 36 Inches of Ice. 3. Captain Boynton. 4. Bow, showing Crushing Propeller. 5. First Cargo, 8 Locomotives 70 Tons each.

GEORGE D. PHILLIPS.

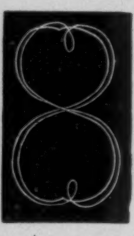
TWO FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONS.

THE earliest figure-skating done in New York was on Mitchell's pond, Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, during the winter of '67, but the sport was first put upon a solid basis in this country by the American Skating Congress, which met in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, February 3, 1868, and subsequently in Rochester, 1869, Buffalo, 1870, and New York, 1871.

CROSS-ROLL FORWARDS, OUTSIDE EDGE.

To Mr. Robert Edwards, of the old New York Skating Club, credit is due for the first draft of a figure-skating programme, his club having appointed a committee—Messrs. Robert Edwards, Charles W. Jenkins, Theodore Rogers, and E. B. Cook—during the winter of 1867 for that purpose.

The list of figures presented by them at that time was adopted by the American Skating Congress, and all American contests, both amateur and professional, have been decided thereby ever since. The programme, which will take an expert a full hour steadily working to complete, may be found in this issue, under Amateur Sport, with result of this year's championship contest, February 11th.



DOUBLE FIGURE 8 WITH LOOPS, ONE FOOT.

When the National Amateur Skating Association was formed, in December, 1885, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Cook, Rogers, and Burr, was appointed to revise the programme; but though two of these gentlemen were on the original committee eighteen years before, and had kept up their interest in the mean time, they found it necessary to make only two minor changes.

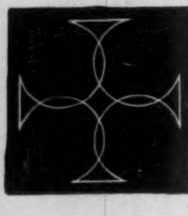
The American list is better designed than any in the world to prove a skater's proficiency, and has been adopted by Canada and the Maritime Provinces as their standard.

It will be noticed that the most essential element for success is grace; and in no other

ROCKING TURNS MADE ON ONE EDGE.

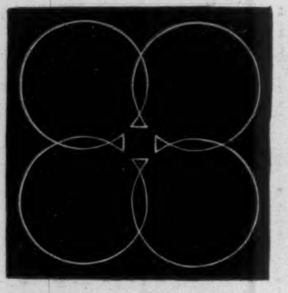
CROSSCUT, OR ANVIL.

country but this is it given such importance. The Germans, for instance, have a programme, as used at the Vienna tournament in 1882, composed of twenty-three figures, but they are all covered by twelve sections of the American list. German skaters are more particularly inclined to largeness of figures, and while they concede grace to be necessary, it is apparently neglected by the judges in scoring. Their skaters, as a rule, execute large sprawling figures, which are not specially pleasing to the eye.



MALTESE CROSS.

The Russian list, as used at St. Petersburg in February, 1890, contains only nine sections, which are covered by two of the American, namely, Nos. 13 and 19. They count grace for more than the Germans, but do not give it the importance deserved.



FOUR CROSSOUTS AT A CENTRE—MALTESE CROSS REVERSED.

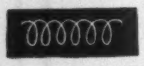
The Canadians are particularly strong in what is termed "skating to place," which means the execution of a figure several times over the same lines, thus leaving it clearly and distinctly marked out on the ice. This is one of the most difficult feats for figure-skaters, and is only acquired by constant and steady practice.

SINGLE GRAPEVINE.

DOUBLE GRAPEVINE.

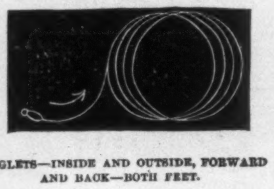
The Norwegian skaters are very much like the Germans in their style—no grace, but plenty of dash.

It may not be out of place to add that the first clamp skate in the country was patented by De Brame in 1862. It was heavy and clumsy, and never became generally used. This was followed by the McMillan patent in 1863, and Messrs. Barney & Berry secured control of that in 1864, and began the manufacture of their well-known New York Club Skates. These are the favorites with experts on this side of the water, have been adopted and are largely used by the National Amateur Skating Association.



ONE-FOOT LOOPS—INSIDE AND OUTSIDE EDGES.

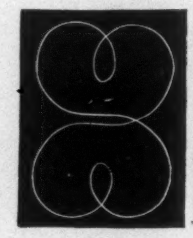
GEORGE D. PHILLIPS is the only skater this country or Canada has ever produced who is at the same time a speed and figure skating champion. He was born September 9, 1856, in New York city, stands 5 feet 5 inches in height, and weighs 135 pounds. In December, 1867, he won his first



RINGLETS—INSIDE AND OUTSIDE, FORWARD AND BACK—BOTH FEET.

skating championship, distance one mile, on the site now occupied by the Windsor Hotel, Forty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue.

From 1867 to '85 he competed in nearly all the speed-skating contests held in this vicinity, winning during the latter year the 5, 10, and 25 mile championships, and thereupon retiring from distance-skating.

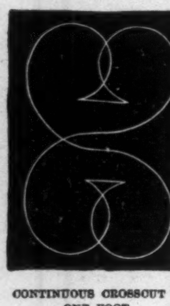


CONTINUOUS LOOP 8, ONE FOOT.

In '87, however, in order to complete an even 20 years since winning his first race, he entered the 220 yards' championship, and won it.

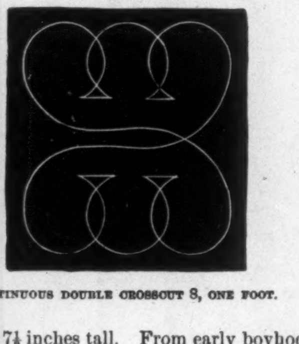
During his career as a speed-skater, he won the championship of America 12 times, and was the holder of a majority of the world's records from 100 yards to 26 miles, many of which still remain unbeaten.

He made his first appearance in figure-skating in '86, and finished second to Louis Rubenstein in that and every year thereafter, until 1891, when they each scored 71 points, after a contest lasting some six hours. During the preceding years they were from 2 to 4 points apart, and far in advance of all other competitors. The crowning work of Mr. Phillips in figure-skating is his exquisite grace, which, coupled with his skill and steady development, must always give him an equal share in championship honors. He is an oarsman of considerable skill and one of the best-known and oldest members of the New York Athletic Club, of which he is also a governor.



CONTINUOUS CROSSCUT 8, ONE FOOT.

LOUIS RUBENSTEIN was born in Montreal September 23, 1862; weighs 161 pounds, and

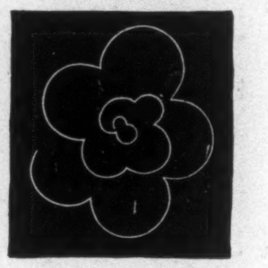


CONTINUOUS DOUBLE CROSSCUT 8, ONE FOOT.

is 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall. From early boyhood he was strongly attracted to figure-skating, and practised assiduously, so that in '78, when

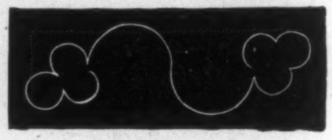
LOUIS RUBENSTEIN.

he made his first appearance, he easily won the championship of Montreal. There was no association at that time, nor recognized champion, but he subsequently issued a challenge open to all, which was unanswered. In '82, at the Victoria Rink, he scored 46 out of a possible 48, and won the championship against a field of six. On February 27, 1884, at the Prince of Wales Rink, he defeated the then renowned Alf Cooper, and in the same year he successfully toured the Maritime Provinces, scoring at St. John, New Brunswick, 40 out of 45 points. The following year he



DOUBLE THREES.

repeated the conquest of the Provinces. In '85, during the Montreal Carnival, he won the championship of America, defeating Blubin, champion of the Northwest, Shaw of Cambridge, Robinson of Toronto, and Meagher of Montreal, his points being 292 out of 300. In '86 and '87 he again won the Canadian championships, besides exhibiting his skill in a number of Canadian cities. In '88 he visited New York, and won the National Skating Association championship, defeating Phillips, Bacon, and Good; he also secured the Canadian event. In '89 he again won the United States and Canadian championships, defeating Phillips, and also appeared before



DOUBLE SHAMROCK.

the Governor-General, and Lord and Lady Stanley, at Rideau Hall. On January 4, 1890, he sailed for St. Petersburg, Russia, where he took part in the international competition on February 13th, and against the most skilful figure-skaters of Europe he won the title of champion of the world. Last year he skated to a tie with Phillips, each scoring 71 points. His particularly strong features are equal skill with either foot, accuracy in "place" skating, and his marvellous work in small figures. He is not so graceful as Mr. Phillips, but he is a strong, wonderful skater. Indeed, these two, Rubenstein and Phillips, are both remarkable performers. Rubenstein is also a bicyclist, being captain of the Montreal club, the second oldest in America.

AN ICE-DEFYING FERRY-BOAT.

YANKEE ingenuity has circumvented nature in a clever way by the production of a remarkable steamboat called the *St. Ignace*. She is a railway transfer steamer, and carries the cars of the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic Railroad across the Strait of Mackinac, between the upper and lower peninsulas of Michigan. This railroad runs the entire length of the south shore of Lake Superior, and its eastern terminus is at Sault Ste. Marie, but by means of a spur leading down to the strait, connection is made with the important lines of southern Michigan. In summer all is plain sailing on the strait, and any boat which will carry a train of cars will serve the purpose. But in winter the wide roadstead freezes solidly over—so solidly that the clear blue ice forms many feet thick, and one reads of windrows there which have a depth that sometimes exceeds thirty feet. The most powerful boat that preceded the *St. Ignace* had troublous experiences with these arctic barricades, and at times they proved unconquerable. It was necessary to keep a way open through the ice, or to provide a boat that would make her own way every day in the year.

The sum and product of the combined wisdom of the railroad men and navigators of that ferry is the new steamer, of which a picture is printed elsewhere in the WEEKLY. She is like a ram or a steam-hammer, or both combined. She is provided with an extra screw forward under her bow, and this screw not only sucks the water away from beneath the ice, but chews up the frozen fluid as fast as it is broken down, and scatters it from before the vessel. The massive bow of the *St. Ignace* is built solidly of oak, and is armored with steel. It projects out from the bow-line of the hull, and slants upward toward the end, so that the huge vessel mounts the edge of the ice and breaks it down when the propeller screw sucks the water from under it. The forward screw turns in the same way as the after-propeller. The *St. Ignace* is a fast boat in clear water, and a much slower one when she is crushing her way through from three to five feet of ice, but, like the turtle in the race with the hare, nothing stops her, and she can be relied upon to make scheduled time.

The length over all of the *St. Ignace* is 230 feet, her width is 53 feet, her moulded depth is 25 feet, and her tonnage is $1199\frac{75}{100}$ tons. For her after-propeller she has two compound engines, whose cylinders are $28\frac{1}{2}$ and 53 inches in diameter with a 4-foot stroke. She has two compound engines for her forward propeller also. Their cylinders are 26 and 48 inches in diameter, and have a $3\frac{1}{2}$-foot stroke. Her steel boilers are of the Scotch type, 18 feet in length and 138 inches in diameter. A pressure of 125 pounds to the square inch is allowed. She carries 20 additional engines for other work, that is to say for her electric lights, steam-capstans for elevating ashes from the stoke-hole, for the system by which the boat is supplied with water throughout, for fire defence, for feeding the boilers, for steering by steam, and for hoisting the forward gate to permit her loads of cars to be hauled off her deck. Her hull is 30 inches thick on the sides, and she may be described as a double vessel, the first hull of wood being covered by an outer hull of steel. Captain L. R. Boynton, of St. Ignace, and Captain James Miller and Mr. F. E. Kirby, of Detroit, were conspicuously concerned in the conception and construction of this wonder of the waters. It has attracted the attention of steamboat men, and even of governments, in other parts of the world, and having proven far more efficient than it was planned to be, it may not long remain unique as it is to-day.

J. R.

AMATEUR SPORT

SAILING-LENGTH MEASUREMENT, to which considerable space was devoted last week, is creating so general a stir among yachtsmen throughout the land that we feel the recent communication on the subject from the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, to its members, is worthy of wider circulation than that accorded the mere club circular. It should be borne in mind that this club was the first to move in this matter, and the following from its fleet captain, August Belmont, will be read with interest:

THE FLEET CAPTAIN reports, in relation to the progress during the past yachting season of the reform in the method of classification—to wit, the general adoption of classification by measurement, which has been consistently advocated by the club since its inception—that the reform appears to have gained substantially during the season, making progress both in the minds of the yachting community and through the logic of fact resulting from the season's experience.

The leading clubs which have adopted the rule of classification by measurement since 1886 are the Larchmont, Atlantic (in one class only), and the various clubs composing the Lake Yacht Racing Association. It has also been adopted by the Corinthian Navy, and (for one class) by the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.

It has also been matter of discussion and special report (in general favorable) in the Eastern, Seawanhaka, and New Rochelle yacht clubs.

Where put into practical effect, the testimony is unanimously in its favor.

This club held its annual June race, as usual, under that system, with entirely satisfactory result.

A committee appointed about a year ago considered carefully the question of the limits for the different classes in use by the club in the light of experience and of existing or vested interests. On full consideration, it was determined to retain the same classes as being the most suitable, certainly for the present, viz., not exceeding 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, and 110 feet "sailing length" respectively.

The Sailing Committee has also considered the question of nomenclature, and determined upon the phrase "Sailing Length" (abbreviated S. L.) as the best arbitrary word symbol to represent the result of the present system of measurement when applied to a yacht. The committee rejected the terms Sailing Rating (as more applicable to a system of measurement which embraces some cubical element), Corrected Measurement and Sailing Measurement and Time Allowance Class, and Time Allowance Rating Class (as being all more cumbersome and no more expressive than the phrase Sailing Length). It also rejected the phrase Corrected Length as in effect somewhat misleading, the process not being actually a correction of the length of the boat.

The committee has also amended the fourth sailing regulation in relation to measurement by bringing the same to a uniformity in relation to the exact points to which measurements shall be taken with certain other clubs, the forward point of measurement for the base line being now the point midway between the jib topsail stay and the jib-stay on the bowsprit or flying jib-stay on jibboom, making the rule uniform with the New York and other clubs.

The committee has also recommended efforts being made to bring about simplicity and uniformity in the management of races with other clubs as to certain matters of detail in relation to which difference of opinion as to their advisability can scarcely exist. For instance, the assigning of permanent numbers for racing-boats to last during the season and be common to all clubs; arrangement of dates of races with other clubs, that interferences may be avoided, etc.

The committee has also reported, and the same have been promulgated to the clubs, a series of standing rules for handicaps and for cruisers' matches, as well as standing rules for the annual sweepstakes.

In concluding this report to the club, I recommend in relation to the coming season:

A.—The continued urging upon the yachting community of the propriety of adopting a classification founded upon the rule of measurement in use at any given time, and not merely upon one (or more) of the separate elements which enter into the rule of measurement; with the result of removing artificial restraints from naval architects in the designing of boats, and as giving opportunity for the development of various styles of boats at the same time, with the attendant advantage—a possibility of comparison of the value of different designs.

B.—The retention by the club of its present established class limits, as:

(1) Doing no violence to any vested interest.

(2) Providing for sufficiently numerous classes to meet the varying limits of expenditure which may be desired by those contemplating building.

(3) Not too numerous to prevent reasonably large classes.

C.—The definite adoption of the phrase "Sailing Length" (abbreviation, S. L.) as being the simplest sufficiently expressive arbitrary word symbol (among the terms suggested) to define the result or product of the application of the present rule of measurement to a yacht.

D.—That efforts be made to bring about uniformity among the leading clubs in relation to existing trifling differences in the points to which actual measurement under the present rule are taken (in so doing, so far as possible, the points retained or fixed upon to be such as are the more permanent and least liable to change).

E.—The advocating of co-operation among leading clubs on all matters of detail and points of routine as to which it may be conceded that for the purposes of convenience uniformity is of greater importance than any other point involved. As for instance:

(1) The issuing at the beginning of the season of permanent racing numbers to boats liable to race during the season.

(2) The issuing of measurement certificates to any boat applying therefor, to hold good for the season if accompanied by owner's statement that no alteration has been made.

(3) The mutual arranging of dates for races, etc., including the adoption of a uniform racing season for the year, to which all regulations shall apply, say, April 1st to November 1st.

THE AMERICAN YACHT CLUB has no intention of being slighted by the wave of progression that has recently swept over the New York, Seawanhaka-Corinthian, and Corinthian of New York clubs. At its meeting last week it was suggested by the commodore that the club be represented in '93 at the World's Fair in Chicago by a fleet of steam-yachts. Arrangements have been made to run an especial steamer on week-days from June 6th to September 10th from the club-house at Milton Point to Wall Street and return. The down trip will be made in an hour and a half, starting at 8, and the return will leave Wall Street at 3.30, touching at Twenty-fourth Street, and reaching the club-house by 5. It will be a great convenience to those living along the Hudson, and a charming daily sail. The much-talked about and postponed *Vamoose-Norwood* race, it was decided, will probably be held June 15th, and there is considerable likelihood that the original entries will be increased by a new yacht now building, and which, it is expected, will be faster than any of the racers, *Norwood*, *Vamoose*, *Now Then*, or *Yankee Doodle*. Whenever the race does take place, the club will give a $500 cup to the winner. The date of the naphtha launch regatta was fixed for July 4th; that of the special sailing regatta, for July 2d or 9th; and the steam-yacht regatta, for July 16th. It was also proposed to raise the annual dues from $25 to $40, and to begin the erection of an ice-house and coaling station at Milton Point. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Frank R. Lawrence; Vice-Commodore, John P. Kennedy; Rear-Commodore, Sheldon C. Reynolds; Secretary, Thomas L. Scovill; Treasurer, George W. Hall; Fleet Surgeon, Charles I. Pardee, M.D.; Measurer, Charles H. Haswell; Consulting Engineer, George W. Magee, U.S.N. Trustees (to serve three years), Washington E. Connor, William H. Starbuck; (to serve two years) John R. Hegeman and Charles H. Osgood; (to serve one year) Clement Gould and William I. Quintard. Regatta Committee, George W. Hall, Ezra S. Connor, William S. Alley, J. Howard Wainwright, and Stephen W. Roach.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB, of Brooklyn, at its annual meeting, made some very advantageous changes in the starting-points for its races, and elected the following officers: Commodore, David Banks; Vice-Commodore, William Lewis Moore; Rear-Commodore, James Weir, Jun.; Treasurer, H. C. Wintringham; Measurer, Henry J. Gielow; Secretary, George H. Church. Trustees, J. P. Howell, J. Rogers Maxwell, Edwin B. Havens, Thomas L. Arnold, W. W. Kenyon, and P. G. Sanford. Membership Committee, Henry A. Gouge, Edmund Fish, and J. C. Seely. Regatta Committee, Henry B. Howell, Henry J. Gielow, S. F. Russell, George B. McNulty, and G. Benedict Frisbie.

THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB has just elected a very strong set of officials, headed by the well-known sportsman J. Malcolm Forbes as Commodore. With the sloop *Puritan* or steamer *Wild Duck* for flag-ship, and veins tingling with an unlimited supply of sporting blood, it is safe to say the Eastern pennant will be unfurled on many occasions the coming season. The other officers chosen were: Vice-Commodore, W. Amory Gardner; Rear-Commodore, Charles A. Longfellow; Secretary, William S. Eaton, Jun.; Treasurer, P. F. Jackson; Measurer, Arthur H. Clark. Regatta Committee, W. S. Eaton, Jun., P. F. Jackson, A. N. Rantoul, R. D. Sears, and H. H. Buck.

THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB of Boston has chosen for Commodore, B. W. Crowinshield; Vice-Commodore, Charles H. W. Foster; Rear-Commodore, Davis C. Percival, Jun.; and amended its sailing rules so that yachts of the first class may include two paid men in their crew, and in other classes one only.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB's stations, of which mention was made last week, will consist of fair-sized ornamental frame buildings, with wharf and ample landing facilities, telephones, reading and smoking rooms, and a reception-room for ladies. They will be located at Whitestone, New London, and Vineyard Haven, and, together with the one already at Newport, establish a series of depots along the route of the annual cruise, where for four months of the year members may rendezvous and receive their mail.

DESPITE ALL THIS PREPARATION for sport, it really looks as though the much-neglected cruiser will, after all, be the main-stay of the yachtsman. Just at the moment, the prospect in the racing classes is not so brilliant as it might be. There will of course be a flurry of excitement over what Mr. Rogers's 46-footer will do against *Gloriana*, and if some of the mysterious orders for other boats in the same class materialize, we may have enough good racing to sustain our interest. Below this class we shall have nothing until we reach the 25-raters, to which there will be several additions, and undoubtedly some very good sport. The 40 and 30-footers are dead, more's the pity, and Mr. Morgan's new 35-foot freak is likely enough to have the class to herself about as much as *Gloriana* did in the 46-footers last season. The 70-foot class has gone with the 40's and 30's, and unless some of the promises are realized very shortly, the few relics of the 65-foot schooners and 53-foot cutters classes will sail triumphant—and alone.

The best racing of the year will probably be seen in the class now represented by *Mayflower*, *Merlin*, and *Volunteer*, but to be increased by two schooners now building.

We of the salt water sniff at lake racing, but, after all is said and done, there is more genuine racing and sustained interest to the sail area on the lakes in one season than we can show in two. In the mean time the cruisers, neglected and despised, grow apace.

THE FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP for '92, held February 11th, in the Hoboken, New Jersey, rink, furnished a disappointment and a surprise—first, the failure of Louis Rubenstein to put in an appearance; and second, the exceptionally good work of J. F. Bacon, the New England champion. Mr. Bacon had not competed in the National Association championships for four years previous to last week, and his improvement is very great in form. Then he finished some twenty points behind George D. Phillips; this time he was second by only six points, and Mr. Phillips has not been standing still these four years either. On the contrary, he has become much more expert. Both these men are built for fancy skaters, each having short and trim figures, and they are very graceful, much more so than Rubenstein, though neither approaches the Canadian in his marvellously accurate "place" skating. The record in each event given herewith will analyze the performance of the contestants, but an especial word should be given Bacon's spread-eagles, which were the best seen in many a day. McLean is a comparative novice, this being only his second attempt, but he gives promise of making a worthy successor to his clubmate Phillips, when the latter has become satiated with honors. Phillips, 51; Bacon, 46; McLean, 26.

National Amateur Skating Association Figure-Skating Contest.

1. Plain forward and backward skating—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
2. Outside edge roll forward—Phillips, 3; McLean, 2; Bacon, 1.
3. Outside edge roll backward—Bacon, 3; Phillips, 2; McLean, 1.
4. Inside edge roll forward—McLean, 3; Bacon, 2; Phillips, 1.
5. Inside edge roll backward—Phillips, 3; McLean, 2; Bacon, 1.
6. Figure eight on one foot forward—Bacon, 3; Phillips, 2; McLean, 1.
7. Figure eight on one foot backward—Bacon, 3; Phillips, 2; McLean, 1.
8. Cross roll forward in field and eights, single and double circle—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
9. Cross roll backward in field and eights, single and double circle—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1
10. Change of edge roll forward, beginning on either outside or inside edge—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
11. Change of edge roll backward, beginning on either outside or inside edge—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
12. Spread-eagle on inside and outside edges—Bacon, 3; McLean, 2; Phillips, 1.
13. Curved angles (threes, single, double, chain, and flying, beginning on inside or outside edge)—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
14. Curved angles, rocking turns from outside edge to outside edge, or from inside edge to inside edge, forward and backward—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
15. Curved angles (crosscuts or anvils)—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
16. Grape-vines, including Philadelphia "twist"—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
17. Toe and heel movements, embracing pivot circling, toe spins (pirouettes), and movements on both toes—Phillips, 3; Bacon, 2; McLean, 1.
18. Single and double flat-foot spins, cross-foot and two-foot whirls—Bacon, 3; Phillips, 2; McLean, 1.
19. (a) Serpentines on one foot and on both feet; (b) change of edge, single and double—Bacon, 3; Phillips, 2; McLean, 1.
20. Loops and ringlets on inside and outside edges, single and in combination—Bacon, 3; Phillips, 2; McLean, 1.
21. Display of complex movements, at the option of the contestant.
22. Specialties, embracing *original* and *peculiar* movements.

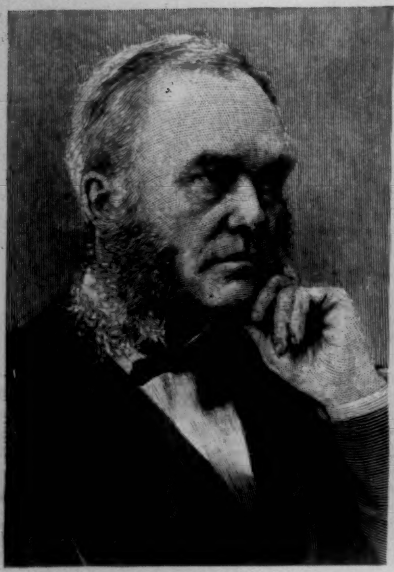
HARVARD-YALE-PRINCETON baseball-football dates are not yet agreed upon. Furthermore, it looks, just at the moment, as though matters might take an entirely unexpected turn, and one by no means for the best interest of intercollegiate sport. The astonishing editorial in the Yale *News* of Saturday, on the football agreement made with Harvard at Springfield last autumn, puts Yale before the public in an attitude that she has not heretofore assumed. Yale's course in athletics has always been such that we have grown to look upon the Blue as the embodiment of sportsmanship—and common-sense. We have followed her through many athletic ordeals, invariably to discover the true ring to her legislation. What, then, is the meaning of this editorial? It reads like a preliminary warning of an attempt to break the Springfield agreement, and its exploitation is bad form, bad sportsmanship, and wretched judgment. Moreover, it is weak in its argument that the football association was "not empowered to make a definite and binding agreement on a question of such far-reaching importance as a five-year football arrangement with Harvard." What of the five-year rowing agreement, the ten-year track and field athletic agreement, and the baseball agreement that was to be? No agreements are signed on behalf of Yale's teams without the careful consideration of her most level-headed and far-seeing graduate advisers. George Adee would not permit her boating to suffer for want of the ablest supervision; Walter Camp is a mentor whose eye never closes to the interest of his *alma mater*. That Springfield contract was not "railroaded" through, and McClung and Wright did not affix their signatures to it without having the entire support of the "powers" at New Haven. Therefore it must stand. Surely it cannot be possible that Yale thinks of doing what last year prevented her playing baseball with Harvard? It may be now, in the light of subsequent events, she regrets having made the agreement, but if so, let us hear the old Yale cry of defiance, and not this retrospective squawk.

YALE HAS SOME CAUSE of complaint against Harvard, because the latter (without saying anything to Yale about it until afterwards) made a proposition to Princeton to play football in New York on next Thanksgiving day. On the other hand, Harvard disclaims any intention of ignoring Yale, and declares the latter at that Springfield meeting intimated a willingness to play Harvard in New York on Thanksgiving day. This Yale denies. While it continues to be a question of veracity between Harvard and Yale, Princeton has made the latter a proposition for a three-year agreement in baseball and football, and Yale, as I am writing, has made no definite response. I should not have gone into this detail but for the publication of that Yale *News* editorial, and its reaching the general public through the newspapers unexplained. I might have touched upon it sufficiently to assure the *World* that if Walter Camp and T. L. McClung, of Yale, and Lawrence Young, of Princeton, declared to its reporter my hint (two weeks ago) of the situation to be "mere rumor," they and the *World* exhibited a sad unfamiliarity with this department, which does not deal in "mere rumors."

NOW WHILE HARVARD might and should have set about a Thanksgiving-day game in a different manner, yet it must be acknowledged that she is placed at a disadvantage so far as New York is concerned. Harvard has in the past two years done many absurd things, but we take it now she has arrived at a realization of her foolishness, and wants to come before the public on an athletic equality with Yale and Princeton. She wants a game in New York every other year, for the money to help support her athletics, and to gain an acquaintance with the New York public, with an eye to prospective students, and for the gratification of her *alumni* here. The wish certainly is reasonable. The only present opportunity of reaching her desire is by joining the football Association, and winning her way to one of the two leaders, which, it is provided, decide the championship here on Thanksgiving day. But Harvard won't join any association, and in this she exhibits good judgment, for the day of associations has passed. She wants to arrange for a series, under agreement, with the several colleges, hence the Springfield agreement and the Princeton proposition.

THERE IS ONE LAW, certainly equitable, which should have invariable observance—either these colleges should have one common ground for all games, or else each should have an equal division of the favored fields. There is no reason whatever why Yale, Princeton, and Harvard cannot arrange a series of games, under agreements, one with the other, so the two winners will play on Thanksgiving day in New York. Harvard wants to play here every other year on that day. Would it not be possible for Princeton and Yale to agree that the winner of their game should meet the Crimson of that year? On the other years Princeton and Yale would play here as usual, and give Harvard a game at Boston. In that way each college would be satisfied, the public would be the better pleased, and we should have harmony. In any event, neither college must expect to have all the cream. Should Yale fail to consider Princeton's proposition, there might be a Thanksgiving-day game here this year between Harvard and Princeton; the latter has an opportunity of making an agreement for a term of years, and it is possible would prefer that to the annual uncertainty. She will likewise have a three-year agreement with the University of Pennsylvania on the Manheim grounds. If Yale is wise, she will grasp the situation.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.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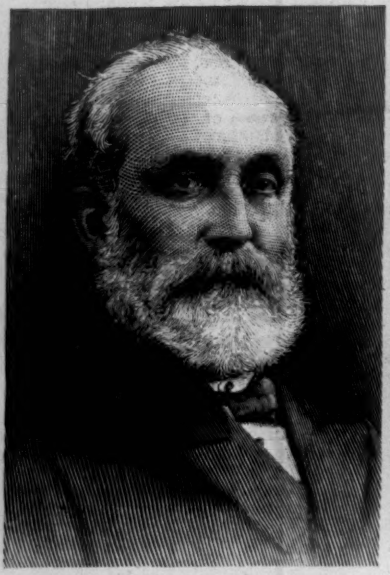
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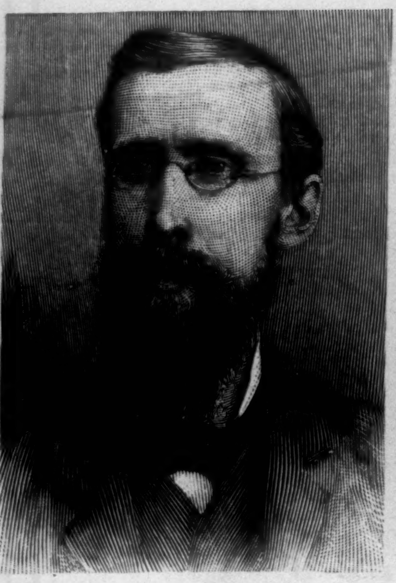
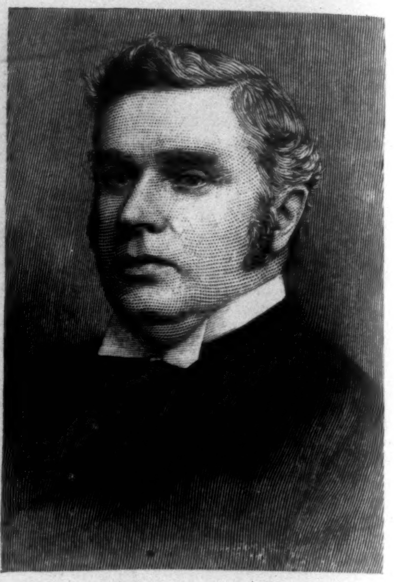

THE HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, MINISTER OF FINANCE.


SIR JOHN THOMPSON, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.—[See Page 174.]

THE MAIL-WAGON SERVICE.

It is a broad roadway. It fronts the City Hall square in New York, and backs on the Post-office, and it has for name Mail Street. It is a noisy thoroughfare, for there is not a minute of the day or of the night when the lumbering of wagons is not heard. Parti-colored wagons—white above, red in the middle, and blue below, with yellow wheels pinked with scarlet—are always driving into Mail Street, or driving out of it. There is not much rapidity of motion about these vehicles (all of which are labelled U. S. M. in gold letters), for more haste might mean less speed. If their coming and going is deliberate, it is methodical. The slapdash of the mail-cart of the past has departed, and system is considered as having advantages which *élan* does not possess.

These vehicles, to which two or three horses are harnessed, and sometimes but one, belong to what the Post-office Department designates as the Regulation Wagon Service. The government of this republic not being paternal or engaged directly in steamboats or railways, could not enter into the horse and wagon business, so the Regulation Wagon Service is a hired one; and so, not less conspicuous than the U.S.M.; you may read, "New York Transfer Company. Dodd's Express." The Post-office in New York wants for its daily service 108 of these wagons, and then there are hardly enough of them to go round. Usually the load of a one-horse wagon is 35 sacks of letters, and of a double team 90 sacks, and each mail-bag will have an average weight of 60 pounds. Wednesday is the heavy day, and then times are fairly lively with these wagons. There must be always relays for this service. The wagons wait for their mail, for though punctuality is the rule of the Post-office, sometimes there comes on such an avalanche of matter that their proper distribution and pouching take more time than usual. During the whole twenty-four hours of every day in the year, then, these wagons are going from the main Post-office to the branch offices, carrying their loads to the various railroads. They represent the initial movement imparted to a letter that may only come to a rest months afterwards when it gets to its destination say at the Pribyloff Islands in Bering Sea. These wagons lay in wait for special mail-carriers. In order to expedite matters—elevated railroads working their way through New York faster than would vehicles—there are post-office employés who carry the mail in the cars. Arriving at a certain station, they hustle down the steps, and there they find a wagon ready for the mail, which is thus swallowed up in an expeditious way in the great maw of the General Post-office. An interchange is made, however, by the mail-carrier who comes in the cars, for he may take a pouch from the wagon, and carry it for distribution to the branch office to which he belongs.

In charge of each wagon there is a driver, and his instructions are never to leave his wagon. The late loss of some six mail bags on a ferry-boat arose from neglect of duty on the part of the drivers.

Some years ago there was much complaint, not as to the character of this particular service, but as to the condition of the horses, and with good cause, because the animals were sorry ones, and apparently ill fed and not cared for. No such charge can be brought to bear on the New York Transfer Company, for the stock is fair, and kept in excellent order.

M. T. Dart Walker's sketch is absolutely correct, with a true realism. The team of three horses hauling the heavy wagon must be the big Western mail, and the driver, fully impressed with the dignity of his calling, is looking to see whether the track is clear, so that he may hasten on his way. The single horse in the foreground, who is blanketed, is the personification of patience. He has had his neck in his collar for many hours, and is quite indifferent as to how soon his load will be ready.

There are no starters, as in the city railroad service, but time is strictly observed, and unless there are good reasons for delay, there must be exactly so many minutes taken in making a connection. Of course parades and the hundreds of obstacles occurring in New York streets may render it difficult for the driver to be on time. It is a fiction that the United States mail has the right of way in New York streets, because there are blocks at times on Broadway which only a battery of artillery could clear.

We have a right to speculate on what is to happen in the future. The time must come when the Regulation Wagon Service will be considered as a thing of the past, and recourse will be had to pneumatic tubes. This method of transporting letters from a main office to its branches is not in its experimental stage, but is actually carried out to-day in more than one foreign capital, and certainly in the time to come Mr. Dart Walker's sketch will be looked upon as a mediæval method of transporting mail through a large city.

DEPARTURE OF THE NEW YORK MAILS.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

THE LATE JOHN JAY KNOX.

The Hon. John Jay Knox, who died in this city February 9th, after a brief illness, was born at Knoxborough, New York, in 1828, and was graduated at Hamilton College in 1849. He was teller of the Bank of Vernon, New York, of which his father was president, for two years, at a salary of $300, and of the Burnett Bank, Syracuse, for four years. He was subsequently, for a brief period, cashier of a bank at Binghamton, New York, and also of a bank at Norfolk, Virginia, and was a private banker at St. Paul for six years previous to 1862.

In 1861 and 1862 two carefully prepared papers written by him were published in *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* of New York. The second paper, in January, 1862, advocated the establishment of a national banking system as recommended by Secretary Chase. The National Bank Act was passed on February 25, 1863, and the Secretary gave him an appointment, and from 1866 to 1875 he had charge of the mint and coinage correspondence of the Treasury Department. His report upon the mint service in San Francisco was published with the finance report of Secretary McCulloch for the year 1866, accompanied with a complimentary paragraph by the Secretary. The same year he made an examination of the mint at New Orleans, and discovered a defalcation of $1,100,000 in the office of the Treasurer of the Mint, the largest defalcation in the history of the government.

On April 25, 1870, Secretary Boutwell transmitted to Congress a bill prepared by Mr. Knox, who was then Deputy Comptroller of the Currency, codifying the mint and coinage laws of the United States. This bill, which discontinued the coinage of the silver dollar, was accompanied by an elaborate report, followed by another report of June 25, 1870, of one hundred pages, both of which were printed by order of Congress, and contained the views of the principal mint officers, and of well-known scientific experts, upon the various provisions of the bill. This bill, with a few amendments, subsequently became a law, and is known as the "Coinage Act of 1873." An amendment to the act, in recognition of the services of the author, made the Comptroller of the Currency a member *ex officio* of the Assay Commission, which meets annually at the mint in Philadelphia for the purpose of testing the weight and fineness of the coinage of the year.

Mr. Knox served as Deputy Comptroller from 1867 to 1872. In April of the latter year he was appointed Comptroller of the Currency by President Grant, and on the expiration of the five years of his first term, in April, 1877, he was reappointed by President Hayes, and was immediately confirmed by the Senate, on motion of Senator Windom, without reference to the Finance Committee. On the expiration of his second term, in 1882, he was appointed by President Arthur for a third term of five years, but resigned two years after, on May 1, 1884, to accept the Presidency of the National Bank of the Republic, in New York city. He had a continuous service of seventeen years in the Comptroller's office, and nearly twenty-two years in the Treasury, and at the time of his resignation was the oldest officer in term of service in that department. In 1878, by direction of Secretary Sherman, he took an active part in perfecting the arrangement which first made the Assistant Treasurer in New York a member of the Clearing-house Association, and also in negotiating the sale of fifty millions of four and one-half per cent. bonds, which was one of a series of brilliant financial transactions preceding and following the great act of resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1879. His twelve annual reports as Comptroller of the Currency form a standard authority on the financial questions which were discussed during and immediately following the civil war.

He was the nominee of the independents for Comptroller of the city of New York in 1887, running on the same ticket with De Lancey Nicoll for District Attorney. On the 12th of January of the present year he made an address before a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of New York city, called for the purpose of considering the effect of free coinage of silver, on which the last address made by Mr. Knox was at Boston, on January 21st, at the dinner given by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, on the occasion of the dedication of their new building. He and Mr. Erastus Wiman were elected delegates by the New York Chamber of Commerce, to represent them at the dedicatory services, in response to an invitation received from Boston. Mr. Knox was at the Bank of the Republic for the last time on Thursday, February 4th. He was taken ill late that night, and summoned a physician. What was supposed to be an ordinary cold developed rapidly into a severe case of pleuro-pneumonia, resulting in his death.

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The train, thus equipped entirely of vestibule cars, runs through to St. Louis, returning to New York as Atlantic Express "No. 20."—[*Adv.*]

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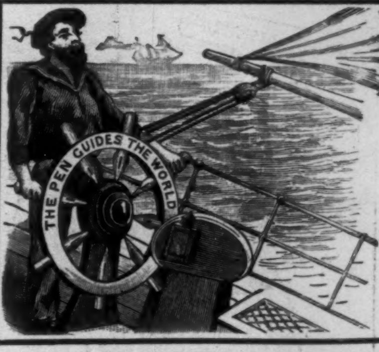

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THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY M. A. LANE.

"WORK on the World's Fair buildings is progressing rapidly." This is the sort of report that is sent out from the Jackson Park site daily. It has grown to be a familiar phrase, and is repeated by the promoters of the Department of Publicity and Promotion with about the same intensity of feeling that accompanies the "twice two is four" of the school-boy in the low grade. Of course Chicago does not discredit the World's Fair by any means, and it is only just to the promoters to say that there is no longer any occasion to strain their consciences by favorable reports. Work *is* progressing rapidly, and the truth of this is plain to every passenger entering Chicago by the Illinois Central road.

The rough work on almost all the buildings has been done, and the word "push" best describes the leading impression one takes away with one when one makes a visit to the enclosed grounds. The labor is incessant. While the men who carry it on during the day are asleep at night, the men who have taken their rest during the day are hammering, sawing, piling, and constructing. A photograph of the various departments in their present stages would show, first of all, the Woman's Building. This structure is now complete so far as the builders and contractors are concerned, and hence is the most advanced of the entire group. Its walls are all covered with that widely advertised material—staff—and even the external sculps are in their places. By this building may be gauged the others as they will appear when completed. It furnishes a pretty picture, with its pillared roofs, its restful angles, and its grand white walls. A distance sufficient to grasp its *ensemble* and color shows it as some grand palace of white marble. The women have already begun to furnish its interior.

In the Building for the Department of Electricity the weekly strides are quite long—long enough to warrant a new description every fortnight. The great framework has been done up to the floor where the grand gallery will be, and the roof is now being fixed upon the great iron trusses that have been erected for that burden. Those who have studied the general view will remember that the Building of Horticulture does not thrust itself especially on the eye. But the actual structure is another thing. The big wings that break out into massive pavilions are none the less grand even now because they are of wood, and the mighty arms of the dome, that is now complete but for the filling, make up a picture that is quite sublime.

The framework of the Building for Transportation is ready for the staff men, and done to the roof, which is now in construction. Over the galleries the roof sheathing is in. The clere-story trusses are raised, and it is only a question of a short time when this structure will be ready for the dedication ceremonies. Effort has been crowded into the labor on the Building of the Administration, until the outlines of that pile are now clear. Its four pavilions are almost finished, even to the external coats of the walls, and the builders are now pushing up the iron-work of the superior structure. This has already reached the point from which the beams of the dome will swell away to the top. The point to which the structure has been carried is now 170 feet from the earth.

In the Machinery Hall the floor has been entirely laid, and supporting piers to the number of 6000 have been reared. The framework of the superstructure is going up with great effect. The foundation for the annex has all but been completely laid. It was designed by the architect of the Building for Agriculture that 7,000,000 feet of lumber be used in its construction. At the present time more than half that amount has been consumed by the artisans at work on this department. The girders and joists for the gallery are all in, and the interior columns are in position.

You have already been told of the vastness of that great pile for the Department of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts. It is impossible by words to convey a correct conception of this structure. It is not all of steel and iron. But the trusses that will support its grand roof are of steel. The great Brooklyn Bridge, even when one stands and contemplates its immensity from its east end, is more than the human mind can apprehend. And yet the trusses for the roof of the Manufactures Building will contain more metal by 50 per cent. than that used in the construction of New York's great highway over the East River. These trusses are now being lifted into position.

The Gallery of the Fine Arts will be a fire-proof structure, and hence will not be of framework. It is built of brick, and the walls are now more than ten feet in excess of the second floor. The floors and the basement have been done for some time, and a total of more than 5,000,000 bricks has already been laid. In the Fisheries Department the gallery trusses of the main building have been placed in position, and the pavilions at the ends are finished. The buildings of the Department of Forestry lack only a few touches, and the Dairy Building is in about the same condition.

While the wintry weather is anything but favorable for the application of the staff tilings to the external walls, this work has been pushed also. The process is now to be seen at the south end of the Mines and Mining Building. This department is now almost finished. Indeed, the framework has been abandoned as complete, and given over to the experts, who are now filling up its southern wall with the marble-like slabs of staff. The greatest of care is necessary in this task, and mistakes are never tolerated. Every piece of the artificial marble is made after a design, and is intended to mate with another piece. The sculptor, designer, mixer, moulder, handler, and fitter, each has his particular part to play, and an error in any one division of the work necessitates the rehandling of the special piece through all its stages on from the point whereat the mistake was made.

From the ground at the south end of the Mining Building rises a scaffolding to the top of the structure, declining at a slight angle as it nears the highest point. This scaffolding supports rather broad platforms for the adjusters and as resting-places for the slabs, arches, and corner-pieces of staff. Along this scaffolding is hung a tarpaulin tent, completely protecting the workers from the chill wind blowing either from the lake on the east or from the prairies to the south and west. The staff-house is near by, but a step from the south wall, and the men who supply the pulley men with it have not far to go for their material. The tent is hung over a rough wall of bare boards, which it hides for a few days. Then the workers withdraw, the strings are loosened, the canvas flaps in the winds, falls away, and behold, the rough wall has in a few hours almost been transformed into a work of mural art—soft-toned white marble, ornamented with beautifully bold sculpture pieces, deft curves and angles, picturesque windows, and finely modelled cornices.

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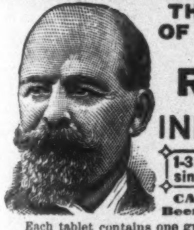

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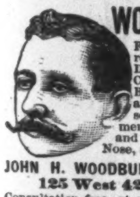

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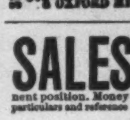

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